The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. III. JANUARY 1930 No. 6.

SOUL AND BODY.

HUMAN nature, as its Creator made it, and maintains it wherever His laws are observed, is entirely harmonious. No physical error can be more profound, no moral error more dangerous, than that involved in the monkish doctrine of the opposition of body to soul. No soul can be perfect in an imperfect body; no body perfect without a perfect soul. Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion; and the various aspects of humanity might be read as plainly as a printed history, were it not that the impressions are so complex that it must always in some cases (and in the present state of our knowledge in all cases) be impossible to decipher them completely. Nevertheless, the face of a consistently just, and of a consistently unjust, person may always be rightly distinguished at a glance; and, if the qualities are continued by descent through a generation or two, there arises a complete distinction of race. Both moral and physical qualities are communicated by descent far more than they can be developed by education (though both may be destroyed by want of education); and there is as yet no ascertained limit to the nobleness of person and mind, which the human creature may attain, by persevering observance of the laws of God respecting its birth and training.

Selected from *Ruskin.*

FRAGMENTS FROM WORDSWORTH.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN"

IT had been raining the whole day, for the monsoon had set in, and the hot breezes of summer had long since lost their enervating influence. The world looked damp and depressed, and I was just wondering if it would ever clear up, when, towards the evening, the blanket of clouds overhead became less heavy, and a watery sun tried to shed a few rays of golden light upon the world, before it sank into rest for the night. I hurriedly went out, and in about ten minutes I had left the crowded dirty streets of the town behind me, and had emerged into a tiny country lane, which ran between

huge green-leaved trees, with glimpses of a beautiful river coming into view every now and then. Ah, yes, it was all very beautiful; the twittering of the birds as they flew from bough to bough; the fresh bloom of silken flowers embowered amidst green leaves, with dancing rain-drops upon their shining petals; the hovering of the radiant butterflies as they flew hither and thither in frenzied ecstacy; the rippling of the river as its waters flowed over smooth pebbles; and, far away, the glory of the setting sun, showing fiery red amidst the interstices of flaming clouds; all these seemed to intoxicate my soul, until I was lost to the world, and wrapped in a wondrous trance. I must have walked on in a dream for miles, when suddenly I was awakened to life by a small voice pleading: "Oh, let me be here a while longer. I love it all so much. This wood, these trees, this river, the flowers, the birds, the leaves are all so beautiful, and I feel they want to tell me something. Let me be here just until the last few shades of twilight vanish, and then I shall come with you."

But evidently the child was not listened to, for I heard its voice going away into the distance intermixed with sobs:

"Oh,—I just wanted to stay a few minutes more. It's all—so —beautiful, and—I can't go to sleep now;—but you grown-ups will never understand what I feel. Oh—oh" and the words faded away and were lost.

Poor child, I could understand its feelings, Nature had some message for it, which was incomprehensible to us and I thought of these words of Wordsworth:—

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

Yes, that great poet had felt some relationship with Nature which he had lost when a man. What had it been? Perhaps this

little child, who had been led away crying by its nurse, had felt the same "visionary gleam," and had been torn away from its sight by an unsympathetic hand. How it must be yearning, even now, to speak of that vision, and yet, who would understand it? "The child is father to the man," says the poet. It knows so much more than we do. It feels the poetry of life infinitely more keenly than we do. I felt a sudden longing to go to that child and ask it to interpret its own little world to me. What a wonderful difference it would make to my outlook on the beauties of Nature, and how happy the child would be to have a sympathetic listener. But who was the child and where did it live? I knew nothing, and it was dark now and I had many more miles before me, so I had to turn and wend my way towards home, and as I went, I seemed to see the figure of the great poet roaming about his favourite haunts, drinking deep of the music of Nature, and yearning for that "celestial light", which had once been given to him when a child.

"I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:"
... ...
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on the way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Yes, the vision faded for Wordsworth, and he saw it die away as he grew older,—and

"That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth."

Would the little child, I wondered, find the same joy in nature, which the Poet had felt when he passed the "hour of thoughtless youth" ; or would the glimpse of the eternal, which it seemed to have found today, die with the unsympathetic atmosphere that surrounded it, and never blossom forth into a deeper relationship with nature ?

NALINI.

A DREAM OF INDIAN WOMEN.

All around me were children, but I did not feel happy with them. On the contrary, I felt most depressed, for the little ones were not smiling and happy, as they should be, but sad and weeping. Great black eyes brimmed over with tears which rolled down brown chubby cheeks ; soft black curls were bedraggled ; tender buds of lips droopped downwards. Alas, alas ! and I wept too at the most pathetic sight.

"We are the spirits of the unwanted children of India", they wailed. "Every woman wants to work and has no time left for us. And men fight shy of educated women, and all women are getting educated in India".

Then, there rose up a thin wailing sound from the opposite side ; and I saw another group of weeping children, but quite different in appearance from the others, so thin and unkempt were they.

"Look at us,"they cried. "See in what an evil state we are. We are the spirits of those who were born and neglected, on account of too many children in one family, on account of poverty, and through the inefficiency and ignorance of our mothers and the carelessness of our fathers. What was the use of birth for us ? Better not to have been born, than born at all !"

MISS K. PARVATHI AMMA, B. A.,

who has just graduated from the Madras University, securing a first class in Chemistry and two gold Medals for distinction in English. She is now on the eaching staff of the first Grade College for Women at Trivandrum.

PHOTO BY:- S VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM

ALL-INDIA ARYA MAHILLA CONFERENCE.
Srimati PURAN DEVI SHARMA, (Amrikdhara) who has been elected as the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the All-India Arya Mahilla Conference to be held at Lahore during the Congress week.

Photo ; Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

They faded away and left me more heart-sick than ever, for their lamentations had but quickened my fears. I felt myself quivering with anticipation, not of what I was going to see, but of what the result of the event would be. For, the end of the world had seemed to come for most of us. Men and women had become very inimical to each other and what was to happen to our old Earth we did not know.

It was the darkest hour of the morning, and I was on a wide barren plain, over which the wind billowed in gusts. I looked around me, and in the dim starlight I saw other lonely figures, evidently waiting in expectation like me. I left them alone, for I was in no mood for company. Then, my eyes were irresistibly drawn to a vast presence, which was brooding over the horizon. It was that of a beneficent and friendly personality; and I knew Mother India was also watching. I knew she would be kind to me, for her habit was to be good to the least of her workers. Yet, I did not go to her, for I could not bear the trouble weighing in her mighty heart.

Then, a soft, but vast, and gradually-increasing sound reached my ears, swelling out into what might have been a grand symphony, if only properly equalised. But, at present it was harsh and grating; the trebles did not go with the bases, but were in widely different keys.

I clapped my hands over my ears, as the discordance increased. My heart sank low, for I felt that my worst expectations were being realised. There was going to be a mighty war between men and women. Ah!—

Two vast armies drew near each other; shrilling and gesticulating women were on one side, spoiling what might have been a pretty picture of colour and grace,—bright saris flying, jewels glittering, bangles tinkling, anklets jingling, black locks waving through flower-wreaths, radiant eyes a-twinkle in ivory-tinted faces. On the other side were sturdy, dogged men, some shouting and vociferating, some uncannily silent. But, no weapons were visible; no sound of fire-arms was heard. There was audible only a strange flapping noise, which on closer inspection, I found, came from rolls of paper, which were being brandished, and vast banners which were being waved; but the mottoes on them I could not decipher in the uncertain light.

Was it going to be a peaceable war after all?

I was not long left in doubt. The armies halted. From each came forward single figures and began haranguing each other, upborne by an undercurrent of humming comments. What grand words were spoken; what majestic phrases were used; what voluminous arguments were rolled forth; what grandiloquent gestures were made! Many great subjects were discussed,—child-marriage,

the re-marriage of widows, an equal moral law, divorce privileges for men as well as women, the discontinuance of the Deva-dasi system. I was glad. for such subjects did need ventilation ; but I was sorry that they should be the cause of sex-war. And yet, it had to be, for otherwise no concessions would be made on either side. The world had come to such a state that antagonism must follow difference of opinion.

And, my heart swelled at the thought that such things should be. I wildly blamed Mother India for laxity of management. I looked at her with criticism and sarcasm ; and, as I looked, I saw the brooding eyes droop, and big tears steal down the shadowy face till they fell like large pearls on the dim earth below. And, where they fell, the bare earth flourished into a pleasant forest of feathery foliage, through whose shadowy interstices I could glimpse flashes of colour from rare flowers ; and over the plain stole the fragrance of sweet blossoms.

But, the human beings before me were too busy quarrelling with each other to notice !

A woman's voice began to speak :

"Give us scope so that we may realise all that is due to us. We have too long been chattels and instruments to you when you wanted service, and play-things and toys when you needed amusement. You have never taken us into your deeper counsels ; from the very beginning we have been on the surface."

"What about Sita, Savitri, Damayanti ?" a man shouted. "Were they not revered by us ? If you are not treated like them, it is your own fault."

"But, even they were refused Heaven, unless in their next birth they could be born as men. As men indeed ! No, we need equal laws for you and for us. If you divorce, we must divorce ; if you marry again, we must do so too."

"Alas, Alas !" whispered Mother India over the great plain, but they did not hear her.

"We do not know to what extremes you will go. We are afraid to trust you too far," the men cried.

"Have the women of other lands mis-used their liberty ?"

"They have, in a sense. We are afraid of you, educated women. Education has unfitted you for domestic work. Our homes are no longer what they were. We are frightened to take you for wives."

"Do not marry us then. In any case, this will free our children from being married to old men."

"Ah, it is those girl-brides we want, for they are the unspoilt ones, who can be trained into true wives."

"To sink into early graves? Ha-Ha! You are very selfish and callous What you want is your own comfort and well-being."

"And are you not selfish too?"

"We are paying you back in your own coin. We gave our whole lives into your keeping. What did you give us in return? The shelter of your names, the roof of your houses, the protection of your presence, but nothing else much. All that you wished of us was that we should be good wives and mothers. But, do you think of all the trouble that those ideals entail? You boast about your courage in battle. I think every one of you would mutiny, if you were called upon to face the average woman's ordeals."

"Yet some women welcome them."

"So would we too, if you allowed us to keep and develop our own individualities at the same time."

The men looked at each other.

"It is all our own fault," the women continued. "We have idealised and given in to you too long; and actually very few of you are worth the trouble we have taken over you. Therefore, you have become intolerable, and we deserve all we have got. No, there is no use in discussion and consultation. Let us each go our own way. And, it is time we went too."

I had been noticing before this a sort of ripple of unrest over the women's lines, backward glances, attempts to turn; and now it became a real movement. The men enquired why they were in such a hurry to go back.

"We must go on to join the van-guard", the women replied. We are far behind, as it is, on account of your request for consultation together. Western women have gone on; but there is still time for us, if we hurry, for the women of other Eastern nations have also lagged behind. But, we are about the last."

"But, the children, the children, that you have borne us?" the men cried. "What shall we do with them?"

"You can try to look after them yourselves A little experience of them will help you to get our angle of vision".

The women turned away. But, I noticed that there were many among them who went with reluctance. And, from the host, as it rumbled noisily away, were left little waiting groups. Their dissenting voices had tried to make themselves heard in the warfare of words, but not with much effect. Now, they sheepishly eyed the men, who smiled perfunctorily in return. The two parties began to mingle and at last went away together; but I saw that they were not very happy, for they knew that they had compromised unworthily.

And Mother India still wept, and I heard her whisper:

"That is not the way. Compromise is needed, but not complete giving-in. It must be from both sides."

I awoke and slept and dreamed again; and again it seemed to me I was on the same plain, and once more the two armies met. But, this time there was a subtle under-current of change for the better, or what I thought was for the better.

"What do you want of us?" each side asked the other; and each replied;

" We cannot do without you To know everything is to forgive everything There is nothing like experience to give knowledge."

The men said:

"We have tried to look after the children, to make homes for ourselves But we cannot. We find we cannot do without you. To recover you, we are ready to pardon everything, to give in in everything. But tell us why you have deserted your van-guard."

"We went more than half-way. But, we were tired,and we were pestered with difficulties we could not meet, and worried with enemies whom we could not guard against. We find that we need your co-operation, help and protection. Our physical energies are not strong enough to stand the strain by themselves. We are not quite like the Western women who have gained the victory. But, even among them we found many who were returning, because they found their victory unhappy. We hear all is not quite well at the front. We long, moreover, for our children and our homes. We will not give in altogether, but we shall be willing to work with you, if you work with us."

And so they mingled among themselves again, and Mother India smiled, and smiled, and her presence grew vaster and hovered over them so closely, that they at last felt it. They looked up and she said to them:

"My children, my mind is at peace, for you have found the true solution, for a time at least; you have both been right and you have both won. You cannot do without each other. There is no use of active antagonism between you both. Friendly antagonism there must always be between the sexes, but it must not become enmity. After all, you are both working for India, for my kingdom; and therefore you must join forces for my sake. I blame the men more than the women, for theirs has been the greater fault; but I blame the present system more than all. If the women are going on as they have been, they will find themselves stranded. There is no use for them to go on claiming everything indiscriminately. There is no use in advancing theories without practice. There is no use in bringing disgrace on themselves by claiming a responsibility which they are not able to fulfil. In that way, they will, not only, alienate the public from sympathy with them; not

only will they shame and discredit themselves in the eyes of men; but they will also put distrust of themselves as capable people in the eyes of their sisters and the world at large. I would advise them not to arrogate themselves, but to bethink their capabilities well, to go on slowly but firmly, making themselves fit as they go on for advancing liberty, watching progress carefully and basing further steps on those already made. They must not altogether be like their Western sisters. They must recognise their physical limitations, and they must not strain themselves beyond their strength. But mental and moral equality they must always claim, recognising however that at present they are not up to the standard of the men. With equality, must go trust and respect.

"Indeed, as our Indian tradition orders, the work of each sex is to be in its own method. Each must have the fullest liberty but the liberty must be allowed to work itself out in its own way. Let me quote the old, old statement from Ruskin : 'A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work or duty, which is also the expansion of that.'

"Behold, my children, the happy oasis I have created for you with my tears. Live there and be at peace. Be independent of each other in one way, and dependent in another. A time of conflict must in the nature of things come again; but once more we shall find a way of settling it."

And, over the happy crowd, was heard, not the weeping of unborn and uncared-for children, but the songs of happy infancy, glad because it was to be born to educated, self-respecting, and mutually-respected parents, who would give each child the attention due to every spirit that is born into our little world from God's great universe.

And the day dawned, and the sun rose in all its glory, and I rejoiced at the beautiful prospect before humanity.

Then, I woke up and found it was a dream.

A DAUGHTER OF INDIA.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL

Wrapt in mystic silences and glooms,
The slumb'ring secrets of creation lie.

ASTRONOMY is the science, that broadens the human mind most. From a study of this subject, we find that our all-important Earth is but a minute speck whirling in this great Uni-

verse, which consists of countless millions of stars each separated from its neighbours by thousands of years. The astronomer in the observatory plunges into the depths of space through his telescope and observes the heavenly bodies surrounded by an ocean of Eternity. To the astronomer, every electron and atom that makes up all these billions of worlds are but manifestations of that Supreme Intelligence that controls the whole universe. We are indeed proud to know that India, the most civilised and highly cultured country in the past, is the birth-place of the science of Astronomy.

Women perhaps, had no opportunity at any time to study this sublimest of sciences. Hence, with the exception of Caroline Herschel and Mme. Flammarion we do not come across any astronomer among the fair sex. Caroline Herschel, the first woman astronomer of the world was born in Hanover in the year 1750. Her brother, Sir William Herschel, was the greatest observing astronomer that the world has ever produced. Caroline's mother limited her education to cooking and household management, but her father taught her some music. William came to England in 1756 and began his astronomical studies. He was very much beloved by his sister Caroline. Unfortunately, Caroline's domestic occupations repressed and blighted her life. William wanted to rescue her from the drudgery.

After the death of their father, William brought Caroline to England and they settled at Bath. Here, Caroline had a very busy life. She learnt English, did the marketing and managed the household affairs. William was deeply immersed in the study of astronomy and thought of nothing else. Caroline was his cook and observatory assistant. She read to him novels of famous authors whilst he was engaged in the workshop, and served him food without interrupting his work. At times, she helped him in the construction of telescopes. She also took lessons in music and dancing from a famous dancing mistress of the time. Thus, in the morning they spent their time in constructing telescopes, in the evening they gave concerts, and at night they observed the heavens. The heaven-observing was based on a well thought-out plan. They surveyed the sky steadily and in order through the telescope, noting and describing every heavenly body visible. It was not an easy task, as it required a great amount of patience and power of observation.

Tuesday, the 13th of March 1781, is a day memorable in the annals of astronomy. On this night Herschel discovered the planet Uranus. From the most ancient times, only five planets were known and hence this discovery was unique. The same year Herschel was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the Oxford University conferred upon him a Doctorate. The King sent for him and appointed him astronomer to himself Caroline and the

whole household were now established in a house at Datchet. Thus, Herschel became a pratical astronomer. The King gave him two thousand pounds for the construction of a twenty-foot telescope. This was Herschel's greatest ambition in life. He constructed a small observatory and mounted his Newtonian telescope. This was how Herschel and Caroline spent their time in the observatory ; as he went on observing, Caroline with the help of Flamsteed's Atlas noted down the declination, right ascension and other circumstances of the observation. In this way, they examined the whole sky.

In 1783, Herschel married the daughter of a city magnate. This was, in a way, a blow to his devoted sister Caroline. Henceforth she lived in lodgings and went to her brother's observatory often to help him. Herschel presented her with a telescope with which she began observing independently. She discovered many nebulae and four comets, one of which is the famous Encke's Comet. Her brother William was soon knighted by the King.

Sir William Herschel was the first astronomer to detect the proper motion of the stars. He was the pioneer in the field of stellar astronomy. He discovered the life and activity of the whole visible Universe, and his sister Caroline was always a source of great inspiration to him in his astronomical pursuits. Sir William died in 1822. Caroline remained unmarried throughout her life and bequeathed all her property to her beloved nephew, the famous Sir John Herschel, a greater astronomer than his father. Sir John prepared a complete catalogue of the stars in the firmament and sent the first copy to his aunt Caroline. As soon as she received it, she shed tears of joy. Caroline Herschel died at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. She is indeed a model for all women.

C. K. Money.

GLIMPSES OF A HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND'S GARDEN.

DEVONSHIRE has been aptly called England's Garden, and a very beautiful garden it is. It is difficult to find words to describe the charm of glorious Devon, for no words can really convey the atmosphere of peace and simplicity, which is its chief attraction. Surely no grass is ever quite so green, no sea and sky so blue, no sunshine so warm yet gentle, as on the Southern coast of Devonshire on a summer day.

The people of this lovely shire are very simple and lovable. Compared with city men, they are slow-moving. They live serene and peaceful lives ; time does not trouble them, and they take both their work and leisure in the same unhurried fashion.

It is doubtless these qualities, in such contrast to the roar of the cities, that attract London people to Devon when they are able to take a holiday. At any rate, when I boarded the midday train from the London terminus one July day, there were very few vacant seats, in fact it was a very well-loaded express that set off for the South.

In the same compartment as myself was a dear "wee girlie" from Glasgow, with her parents, with whom I struck up a swift acquaintanceship. Interest in this intriguing little companion and in the fresh countryside through which our train was speeding helped the five hours' journey to pass quite easily. England's towns are great, I thought, but her countryside is beautiful.

Arrived at my destination, I stayed at a little cottage where my bedroom (curtained with spotless white muslin and smelling of lavender) overlooked a tiny garden, where grew roses and stocks and lavender in a glorious riot of scent and colour. On the first day, the guests at the Cottage rose early, with high hopes and intentions to enjoy every minute of their stay, but alas for holiday plans, the weather was not at all kind. For the first three days rain fell heavily and a cold wind lashed a green-grey sea into a mass of foaming breakers. The hills were half-hidden in a ghostly mist, and walking abroad was a very damp and chilly affair, which made us appreciate on our return the glowing fire in our cosy sitting-room.

However, we experienced many changes of weather in a very short time—on the fourth day came the sun, the rain-drops ceased, and there was a much calmer sea. Now began in earnest our excursions, visits to old-world villages and long walks through Devon lanes, proverbial for their charm, where sunlight filtered through the overhanging trees and sheep and cattle peeped at us through the hedges. We took a steamer trip along the River Dart, which winds its leisurely way through some of the most beautiful scenery of South Devon; and all the time our eyes and minds and bodies were resting, absorbing nature's peace and revelling in her beauty, so that we might return at the end of our holiday fit aud refreshed, with pleasant memories stored up against coming winter days.

Some few days later, it became really hot, and then there followed long days when sea and hills, lanes and beach, all basked in the sunshine, and the holiday-makers rejoiced. How we enjoyed the wonderful freedom of those days. Not a care in the world ; no responsibility but to make the most of our holiday. We would swim until we were tired, then rest on the sands in the sunshine, until we were so hot that we gladly ran back into the cool water. Rowing and tennis claimed other happy hours, and if we were disinclined for strenuous amusements we could always laze on the beach with a book to read. Our skins soon became tanned and rather sore, and we smiled very scornfully at new arrivals from town, noticeable by their pallor.

LADY MAGISTRATE FOR RAJAMUNDRY.

Srimati D. KAMALA RATNAM, wife of Mr. D. Venkata Rao, M. A., Lecturer, Arts College. The first lady to appointed as a Special Magistrate for Rajamundry. She is a member of the Second Class Bench Court and will be attending court from this week and onwards She has passed the S. S. L. C. examination.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

ALL-INDIA ARYA MAHILLA CONFERENCE.
Sreemati R. LAKSHMIPATHI, B. A., who has been elected as President of the All-India Arya Mahilla Conference to be held at Lahore during the Congress week.
Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Every morning, sunshine, songs of birds and the music of the sea called us to rise and come out, and at the end of the day, we would retire, very weary, very happy, with just a little regret that one more day had gone.

One has so many places to see, so many pleasures and diversions to occupy the hours when on holiday, and yet without them all, the sea could surely fascinate and keep one's interest all the time. In every mood it is beautiful ; in anger, when the white horses of foam chase each other to the shore and break in fury, ere they are drawn back by a yet fiercer onslaught ; at night when it is but a black carpet on either side the silver path that leads to the moon ; on a windy day when small flecks of white appear as far as the eye can see; or on a still summer day when it is clear and blue, sparkling in the sunshine like a million diamonds.

Holiday-makers will come and go, the coast itself will change, but only the sea will be just the same. Next year, we said, we will steal away from the city and come again to watch the sea.

Thus, we cheered ourselves on the last day of our vacation, when we had perforce to say "Au revoir" to Devon, and return to town, refreshed and invigorated, thanks to the sweet air and sunshine of England's Garden.

MABEL BYE.

THE FUTURE OF WOMAN IN INDIA

(FROM AN AMERICAN BACKGROUND.)

THE task of recreating the womanhood of India is one in which both your men and women have a share a task which Man has not, in any civilization, occupied himself with to the same capacity as in others. He has not been made to see that it is profitable for him to do so.

But beware ! there are pitfalls. Pitfalls, if you assume that the Western, the American, femininist movement has achieved anything. Has it ? We had a femininist movement in Greece, in Rome, in every civilization. They gave women prestige, put them into the public limelight. That is just what the clubs, organizations, political efforts are doing for women in America to-day. But here is the paradox ! What have the movements done for Woman ?

The fundamental problem of Woman is primarily her relation to Man. Once make that clear, wholesome, creative ; the opposition to women in public life will be less difficult.

The women of the West, who have enlightened us, made us see the position, nature, and problems of Woman more sanely—have they been politicians, club women, social parasites ? They have been solitary fighters and thinkers, for example, Ellen

Key, Marry Woollstonecraft, and Margaret Sanker. The concern of men such as Edward Carpenter, and Havelock Ellis, has not been with the transitory position of Woman, but with her eternal problems.

If you are wise in India, you will not permit your efforts to lead to, and degenerate into, a collective feminine neurosis, a stereotyped anaemic intelligensia, seeking the limelight, rather than achievement. You will not dedicate yourselves to organized proclamations, demands upon government, and the creation of a multiplicity of organized ends. You will not personify abstract feminism at the price of Woman.

Your task is to understand those elements of nature that motivate the sexes, and constitute their mental difference ; because Woman and Man *are* prompted by entirely different motives, by different demands of nature, and fundamental biological needs.

The mistake of women leaders is, and probably always has been, that they wish to refuse to face these facts. The American Woman does, either because she wishes to deceive herself, or men of public affairs. And when she does this she severs the head from the body, trades upon the powers of her sex, but develops a mental cleverness of a kind—and this she calls brain capacity and power. She boasts of the concrete, ignores or confounds the abstract sub-structure of things, and defies analysis. This is either Woman's eternal failure or defiance. She has been, and still is, a poor scholar. In the words of Madam Lombroso, Woman is altro-centric; Man ego-centric.

Upon this elemental basis the American Woman will meet her Waterloo, without understanding it. Men will take advantage of her confusion and stubborness, as certain influential men of the West are already attempting ; to thrust her back. The result will be that she will come down from her bluster and sophistication, to a terrible collapse. Thus America presents a great field of study throuh which Indian women leaders may profit, if they will.

I think Woman should have equal share and legislative power with Man. Why not ? How else will she protect herself in social life, in business, in court, and morally ? I think our social order should be dedicated to human ends, to the elevation of Woman and Man above all else. If our institutions and theories are not so—and they have not been—then upon what basis do they justify their existence ? Far be it from me to discredit women ; on the contrary; but I insist that we must have a cross-current analysis of a problem, in order to understand it. That, I judge, is what you are eager for in India.

A greater manhood, a greater womanhood ; they assist each other. And thus comes a greater India, and a finer humanity. The task and the glory is yours.

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE.

THE INDUS CIVILISATION OR ASURA INDIA

A decade ago, it was an axiom with many that Indian History began with the coming of the Aryans, and the story of India was but an "Aryanisation of India." Prof. P. T. Srinivasiengar's was the solitary protest registered against such an assumption. He declared in no uncertain voice that the Dravidians of India, the enemies of the Aryans, were quite their compeers at least in all that constitutes certain signs of a high degree of culture, in their "material" civilisation. His prophetic anticipations are now realised beyond cavil and doubt. V. A. Smith and other Anglo-Indian Historians held quite strongly that no architecture of stone and brick, prior to the days of Asoka, was known or prevalent, and also the art of writing was introduced into India,—of course, from the West,—only in the seventh century B. C., in spite of emphatic references to the art of writing in the Vedic and post-Vedic Literature. Such persistent theories have been challenged by the recent archeological explorations in the Indus Valley, when the veil of the debris of ages was removed and a new and full-fledged culture, coeval with Babylon and Egypt of the 3rd millenium, burst into view, pulling down many a comfortable and old-world notion and compelling a fresh readjustment of our ideas. The culture thus disclosed to view has been christened by Sir John Marshall as "The Indus Civilisation", by Col. Waedell as "The Indo-Sumerian", and byProf. Rakhaldas Bannerjee as "The Asura India."

Prior to 1920 A. D., very little was known of the existence of the Indian Pompei. The credit of discovery is shared by two Indian savants of the Archeological Dept. Rao Bahadur P. D. Sahni carried out the excavations at Harappa in the Panjab and Prof. R. D. Bannerjee at Mohen-ja-daro in Sind. They were the earliest to appraise the value of the huge mounds of ruins found scattered over a vast area. Spade work of a few months disclosed to them remains of a former civilisation, partly intact and partly in decay. Later on, Sir J. Marshall, K. N. Dikshit and Mr. Hargreaves joined the pioneers. Yet they are said to have only scratched the surface. Now the names of these two ruins, Harappa, and Mohen-ja-daro, are quite familiar to all the students of history, thanks to the informing and timely writings of Sir J. Marshall and Prof. R. D. Bannerjee, to whom the writer is indebted for his information.

Of these two places, the ruins of Mohen-ja-daro are better preserved and so afford a better and fuller view of the past, protected as it was by the merciful, dry sands of the Indus desert ; whereas

the ruins of Harappa have suffered irretrievably from the vandalism of the contractors who did not scruple to utilise the debris for the construction of the Lahore-Karachi Railway.

Scholars are agreed that the ruined cities belong to the 3rd Millennium, B. C., corresponding to the Copper Age of Europe, when iron was rarer than gold, and all weapons, household articles and ornaments were made of copper. The age is also known as the Minoan or Cretan civilisation. Thus it is surmised that some cataclysm overtook the once prosperous cities, about the dawn of the Christian Era, after a continuous existence of more than three thousand years, along the sacred banks of the Indus River.

The undulating ruins of Mohen-ja-daro extend over an area of more than a square mile and the whole scenery is dominated by a massive Buddhist stupa, surrounded by smaller shrines. But the majority of the buildings constitute dwelling houses and shops, built on the sides of a long main street. The houses appear quite roomy, with massive brick walls. Each house is invariably provided with a well and bathroom. The floors are paved with bricks of a durable and polished kind. Every house has its own covered drain leading to the main street drain. "The drainage system in particular is extraordinarily well-developed. Every street and alley-way and passage seems to have had its own covered conduits of finely-chiselled brick laid with a precision which could be hardly improved upon", says Sir J. Marshall, "thus betokening a social condition much in advance of what was then prevailing in Mesopotamia or Egypt." Prof. Bannerjee notes with wonder the existence of a water-trough or reservoir, whose sides were coated with a variety of tar, perhaps to prevent percolation as well as contamination of water !

The tombs and burial places serve better as sources of information regarding the people of those days, such as the Pyramids of Egypt and "Pandukulis" of South India. The tombs are monuments of faith in the immortality of the soul. People believed that the departed would return back to the earthly vestament of clay and renew their interrupted life. So the article of use belonging to the dead, their favourite things and animals as well as offerings of food, were buried in the tomb, for the day of resurrection. Thus, in a way, those offerings to the dead have immortalised them and disclosed them to us, in all their material and spiritual settings. Several such tombs have been unearthed in the Indus Valley, which bear remarkable affinity to those of Crete and Mesopotamia.

The most important article found amongst the ruins of the Indus are :—

1. Copper vessels and copper implements,
2. Beautifully painted pottery, recalling the Myceanean Vases,

3. New types of coins,
4 Dice and chessmen,
5. Bangles of blue glass,
6. Bangles of gold and silver, and splendid necklaces.
7. Gold, netting-needles,
8. Marble effigies,
9. A remarkable series of stone rings and
10. A number of engraved and inscribed seals with beautiful, life-like images on them.

The manufacture of cotton and wool was well-known to those people, says Prof. Bannerjee, though no trace of any cloth has been found ; what is remarkable is the high sense of art displayed by them. Painted pottery was quite common and their ceramics are hard to excel. Their gold ornaments such as pendants and necklaces are so well done, "that they might have come from a Bond Street jeweller of today rather than from a pre-historic house of 5000 years ago." (Sir J. Marshall).

The engraved seals are particularly noteworthy for the "high degree of artistic ability and technical skill" displayed in them, no less than for their historic importance as evidences of their manner of writing and their religious belief-. The writing or script on the seals belong to the class known as "pictographs", where the picture of the thing stands for the name-word of the thing.. This system of picture-writing has been found to bear several points of resemblance with Cretan and Sumerian symbols of thought ; life-like effigies of the sacred Bull and Pipal tree, "the Indian tree of Life", have been also embossed on them as unmistakable evidence of the reverence in which they were looked upon even in the antique past. Figures of tigers, elephants and rhinoceros have been also found on the engraved seals of those days. It is a fact worthy to be borne in mind that no trace of iron has been come across in the lower strata of those ruins. In addition to these, figures of double-headed snakes were also discovered, similar to those found in the hall of Cnossus.

These sensational and remarkable series of discoveries have demonstrated indubitably that pre-Aryan India had developed quite a high degree of culture and she had very little to receive from the Aryans, at least in the department of material comforts. Since the ancient inhabitants of the Indus show strong traces of kinship with the Assyrians, they might be the mythical (?) "Asuras" of Hindu Literature, the terrible enemies of the Aryan Devas, says Prof. Bannerjee. These findings have also established the intimate contact and exchange of arts and thought between India, Mesopotamia and Egypt of the Third Millenium B. C. and have proved the "splendid isolation" of the East to be a myth ; also it was not the raids of Alexander the Great that broke down the wall of separation

between East and West. Now, it can also be easily maintained that the art of writing could have been developed in India itself and there was no necessity for any "borrowing."

V. RAGHAVENDRA RAO.

ANAKSHARA—THE IGNORANT ONE.

CHAPTER I.

Radha was a rigid-natured Brahmin woman, strictly orthodox and morbidly religious. She objected to reform of all kinds, especially concerning women. The Shastras, which undoubtedly were revelations from the Creator, had ordained certain customs; the Priests, who were the deputies of the gods, still advocated them ; and why on earth, should *man*, the created one, and the submissive instrument, rebel ? She seldom thought of the advance of the ages ; she did not pause to meditate on the suitablility of laws to their time ; she never allowed that the duty of every human being was to act up to the light of his or her knowledge. No ; Radha never saw why the mind should change with the advance of civilisation. Toleration and broad-mindedness had never been among her weaknesses. One must obey the law, which after all expressed itself in custom, or one must be numbered with the brute beasts.

Radha especially disliked the discussion round the question of child-marriage, and she felt that the reformers deserved the retribution of Heaven on their perjured heads. Was it any wonder she thought, that famine and drought and epidemics were the order of the day ? But why on earth should the innocent suffer with the guilty ? Her legal mind rather revolted against the idea ; but, since even that was the decree of the great gods, there was nothing for human beings to cavil against ; one had but to bow to the inevitable, as something beyond the reach of man's ken, but on a line with universal law.

Radha had but one child—a daughter. She would have liked a son ; but, not being blessed with one, she consoled herself with the thought that a daughter is the *Mahalakshmi*, or the goddess of luck, to the house. And, as the years passed by, and no more children were given her by the ordination of Fate, she began to concentrate all the love of her narrow-minded, but still deeply-centred, heart, on her beloved child. She had called her Vasanti, which meant *Spring*, and she hoped that the girl would be blessed even as Spring was blessed, with sweet gifts of happy love and fresh joy. And indeed, it appeared as if it would be so. Radha's doting heart found nothing to object to in her little daughter. ' Young and sweet

as the goddess of Spring herself, ever bubbling with youthful spirits and light-hearted gaiety, Vasanti grew and flourished and laughed through life, till—

Now, we can gather from all this, that Radha's husband was but a nonentity. He loved his wife and found nothing to criticise in her. Therefore, it can be understood that his also was, or had become, a legal mind, which in this case meant a custom-ridden one. If he had any doubts, he never dared, or cared, to express them. He also doted on his daughter, and he also wished her all the blessings of life, and he felt as if his wife was just going the correct way about it, till.........

Now, we come to that "*till*," without which this story would not have been written. Everything went well *till* Vasanti was about ten years old. Then, things were changed; indeed, they had to be changed. Radha felt that it was time to draw in her daughter's reins a bit; her liberty must gradually be curtailed; her bubbling spirits must slowly be restrained; she must be taught to reconcile herself to be a woman, and that too, a dignified, modest, shy, retiring woman, as the orthodox Indian woman ought to be.

Then it was that slight discussions arose between husband and wife; but, what did that matter? Radha's was the master-spirit.

But the worst of it was that then, vague doubts began to enter into Radha's mind also. And they were caused by none else than her beloved daughter. The latter actually rebelled several times, often grumbled and was sulky, many times had to be severely reprimanded. But every time she was overpowered by her mother, and made to submit; and every time that was done, the mother's heart bled and agonised; but that the daughter did not know. To her, Radha appeared a martinet, a good one it was true, and one who tried to soothe in other ways the wounded heart, but a martinet for all that.

So, a year passed. Vasanti became eleven. It was time that she was married. Radha indeed would have been happy to have married her off earlier; but somehow time had passed, though the mother continually felt that she was being very remiss in her duty. But, who can gainsay the heart? Even Radha could not, though she resented the fact that she liked to keep her girl unfettered a while longer. She put all the blame, however, on the reformers, and hoped that Nemesis would soon follow on their footsteps.

The first proposal came from a collateral branch of the family. The proposed bridegroom was a cousin, the son of Radha's husband's sister, a promising young man, then only studying for his F. A., but with good prospects before him. He was a good lad too, and there was the advantage that Radha knew him well and

liked him; for he had always been in and out of the house, playing with Vasanti and studying with her. Indeed, the girl had a great attachment to him; and, though she knew little about wedlock, was yet pleased and thrilled when the marriage offer was made. Even the father felt happy.

But, they were doomed to be disappointed, for Radha could not entertain the proposal. The boy was all right, but he was not for *her* daughter. What prospects had he? He might succeed, or he might not, in his studies and his prospects. And he was in fairly poor circumstances; Radha had often resented the help her husband had sometimes, according to the joint-family system, given to his sister's family with its many little "hopefuls." And now, why should they benefit by the rather big dowry, which her daughter would get? Little by little Radha had lovingly added to the sum, which had been possible to be put aside from her husband's income. Little by little, the hoard had grown, till now it was a coveted prize.

No, no, Radha felt that she would not be doing her duty, if she accepted young Madhavan as Vasanti's husband. She must look higher. And her eyes were indeed fixed on a better *parti*, a rich householder with plenty of lands and possessions. He was rather old, it was true, about fifty years of age, but what did that matter? He was a widower with three children, the eldest of whom was older than Vasanti, but, what did *that* matter either? He was also not a good man, had a very bad reputation in fact; but even that should not matter.

So, with much pomp and *eclat*, costing plenty of money, for which provident Radha had provided years before, Vasanti was married to her old, widowed and immoral, yet rich, bridegroom.

A few months later she went to her husband's house. And soon there was the prospect of a child. Radha's joy knew no bounds, when her daughter, according to regulation, was sent to her home for attention. And, when the mother was but twelve years old, her little son was born, the first grandson of Radha, and the joy of her old, nay rather young, heart, for she herself was under thirty years of age.

CHAPTER II.

"Mother, mother, what shall I do for my little boy? How can I save his life?" So rang Vasanti's bitter cry, as she sat by the bed-side of her dying child a puling infant of three months, whom they had fondly called Chandran—*the Moon*, sickly and ailing since birth, and with never any prospect, if the mother had but known, of a healthy life before him,

"My child, it is the decree of Fate. We must submit,"

consoled Radha, hiding the agony of her own heart to appease the sorrow of her beloved.

"Fate is unkind, mother, fate is always cruel. Why were we ever born at all to suffer such things?"

"My Vasanti, do not question God's ordeals. They are sent to us by his divine will."

There was a pause, while both the women hung on the child's gasping breaths, and watched the face of the nurse, who, to her own grief, could do nothing for the little passing life.

Then, Radha's heart missed a beat, for, like an arrow into her heart came the question, which she had been expecting and dreading to hear from her daughter, and which indeed, she had been vainly trying to stifle in her own mind.

"Mother, why did you get me married so early? The lady doctor says that the child was born weak, because I was so immature, and his—father so old. Could you not wait, mother? You have heard what all the reformers are saying."

"May God's curses descend on them for unsettling our minds", was Radha's bitter retort.

A still more bitter reply was on Vasanti's lips; but just then came the dying rattle from the infant's throat, and in a little while he passed away; and there was wailing and mourning in Radha's household. Vasanti wept and pined and the only consolation the harrowed mother could offer her, was the prospect of more children; but at that the girl unaccountably shuddered.

Another year passed, and another child was born to Vasanti—this time a daughter, whom they called Tara— *the Star*. But the same Fate befell her as had happened to her little brother. Within three months she died, and Radha and her daughter were again desolate. So was Vasanti's father; but no one took much notice of him. As for Vasanti's husband, he did not seem to care much, except that he began to look rather askance at his child-wife; and people whispered that he was looking for another bride, who would give him more robust children.

And another year passed and another child was born and died, a son, whom they had named Suryan, *the Sun*.

"Next time a child is born to you, Vasanti, I shall call him, or her, *Anarthaka* the *worthless one*. It may be, in that way, that we shall avert the *evil eye*, which seems to cling to our footsteps."

But Vasanti refused to return to her husband's house.

"He is shortly marrying again, and he hates me, and I hate him, the old ugly fat one. Besides, I cannot bear the suspicious and accusing eyes of his people, his mother and his sisters. Ugh!"

"But what is to happen to you, my child? Who is to support you?"

"You and father, mother. Did you not give me birth, and is it not your duty to look after me ? And it was you who gave me in marriage, and brought all this sorrow on me." Vasanti was young and thoughtless and never recked the wounds she was deepening by her unkind remarks. That was to come later.

"And the disgrace ?" asked her mother after a while, in a husky whisper.

"That is not my affair, mother, but yours."

"It is the duty of every Indian wife to submit to her husband, whatever he does to her."

"It shall not be my duty ; any way, I shall not go back, and he does not want me either. If you cannot keep me here, send me away, and I shall go."

"Oh, my daughter, my daughter, how unkind you are to me!'

"It is all your fault, mother."

And strange to say, her father agreed with her, and actually said so. And Radha's head was in the dust.

After three months came a bomb-shell. Vasanti's husband sent word that he must have her back. He would take no refusal, neither would he promise not to marry another wife. But, people were saying things about his treatment of her, and he would not stand that. If she did not come, he would institute legal proceedings.

So, Vasanti went back with many tears ; but, just before going she said sullenly to Radha : "Do not think mother, that I am intending to stand all the ill-treatment I shall probably get. Of course, I shall not be physically punished, but there can be induced a state of mind, which is far worse, and I shall not stand that. I have one resourse left, and—"

"Do you mean to say you will kill yourself ? Oh Vasanti !"

"I do mean that, and I have the means—oh, I must not say that. I mean to say, I can get some poison—"

But her mother was on her like a hound after scent. What was the medicine she had, and where was it ? She must show it to her, and so on—till at last Vasanti, wearied out, gave in, and she showed her mother the poison, which she had stolen from her husband's cupboard, where it had been kept as poison for rats.

"Give it to me," said Radha, "and I shall keep it carefully for you, and I swear that, if ever you have a true need for it, I shall give it to you."

And so, on that, they parted.

CHAPTER III.

"Mother, come to me at once. My husband is dangerously ill and his people are all cursing me, because they think I am the cause of his illness. Heaven knows whether they suspect me of

poisoning him; in any case, they think that my sins are the cause of all the trouble. I cannot stand this, and yet I cannot leave him. Please come and help me, and bring that medicine with you."

So ran the frantic letter, which Radha one day got from her daughter. In response, she packed up her little bundle, left her husband to his own resources. got into the train, and went off to Peytur, the place where her daughter was.

Vasanti's husband was very ill, indeed hopelessly so. Radha shook her head over him, and over herself too; for, instead of feeling sad, she felt an inexpressible sense of happiness stealing over her. What mattered if her beloved became a widow, that much detested creature among Indians? She would be free at last, to live her own life, despised though it might be, and she would be with her mother, who knew how to comfort her.

But, he did not die. Instead, he became better, and there was a chance that he might recover.

The second night after this turn, Radha sat in the sick room with his sister, watching the patient. The sister fell asleep, worn out by anxiety; but Radha was wide awake. And a terrible temptation suddenly assailed her. She got it by staring at the medicine bottle on the table by his side. There was a large sediment of white powder in it, and suddenly she thought of the powder her daughter had told her was poison. Why should she not mix it with the medicine? Who would suspect her?

For a little, she fought against the temptation. But, really she was too distraught to think properly. Her daughter's troubles had slightly unhinged her mind, and she was not quite herself. So, it was not long before she gave in. The poison was brought and mixed in the sick man's medicine, and later, trembling with emotion, she saw with her own eyes that the medicine was given to him.

The next day he died, and nobody suspected Radha. The doctor gave it as his verdict that the rally had been a false one, that there had never been any real hope for the old man.

Radha's feelings can well be imagined after this. Wildly despondent one moment, for she was a murderess; she was madly excited the next, for had she not been the means of freeing her daughter? She was in a queer state altogether. Her daughter and her husband did not know what to do with her. But a strange thing happened. The hitherto hen-pecked husband began to find resources of unknown strength in himself, ay and to show it, and his wife learnt to lean on him for help.

A strange obsession took possession of Radha. She wished to go on sacrificing herself for Vasanti. She had at present given her only negative happiness; how was she to give her positive joy?

It will be understood that all her rigid notions had fled from her by this time. All that she cared for now was her daughter.

Then, a wonderful idea came to her. Sometime before, her young nephew-in-law had returned from England after some successful studies there, in which he had fulfilled the promise he had shown in his early youth. He was an Engineer now, with good prospects before him. He was still unmarried, for he had really loved Vasanti, and had not been able to replace her lost image in his heart. He paid his visit of ceremony to his Uncle and his Aunt, and he saw Vasanti as a widow, and his heart ached for her.

Radha waited for six months. Still there was no talk of Madhavan's marriage. Then, she sent a message to him to go to her at once. Of course he responded. Then, by many devious paths, she at last reached the point she aimed for.

What did he think of Vasanti? She was very sad and troubled and thin, but did he not think her more beautiful than before? The pathos about her but added lustre to her. "She was still Spring," said the doting mother.

Young Madhavan eagerly agreed. Then, Radha asked him why he had not yet been married. Would he not feel lonely when he started his work? He ought to have a loving companion with him.

Then-then-did he not think Vasanti also was looking very lonely? She herself, Radha, and her husband were getting old. What would happen to the child when they were dead?

She confessed that she had been a rigid follower of old custom, but-but-somehow, she had changed. She disliked widow-re-marriage, but somehow she thought women, even widows, were not meant to lead lonely lives. And chiefly did this apply to Vasanti, who was a sprightly creature and rejoiced in company.

And-and-did he not think she ought to marry again? And where could she find a husband for her? It was good to choose a man from among people one knew well. Already, one serious mistake had been made, and she wished to avoid another.

Then at last the great idea dawned on Madhavan. Radha was asking him to marry Vasanti. Ah! would he not? The idea had entered his mind sometime ago, but he had never dreamt of allowing it place, and had stifled it, so afraid was he of his aunt's stiff opinions. But now-now.

So, at last, it was settled. Slowly, the idea was mooted to Vasanti, who after some hesitation, consented. Then, gradually, the young heart of the girl awakened from its forced stagnation, and she felt the old thrill of happiness again. Yes, indeed, why should she not be happy, in spite of the past?

The Reformers praised Radha for her change of front. They had known her of old, and were now rather surprised at her. But she would not admit their praise. Her views were merely selfish,

she said. She cared nothing for the principle; she only went by the result; and it was only Vasanti's unhappiness that had made her advocate widow re-marriage. What did she care about other widows? But the reformers told her that this was the way great reforms were begun. Principles were based on facts, and facts proved themselves in results and so on they said, but Radha would have none of their twaddle.

The priests and the orthodox people tried to persuade Radha otherwise; but she would not listen to them.

CHAPTER IV.

Six months later, Vasanti was quietly married and went away happily with her husband.

Thereafter, Radha began to fail. And one day Vasanti got a letter to come quickly, because her mother was dying

Of course, she came, she and Madhavan, and found Radha in a queer state. She was babbling so wildly, that they thought she was delirious, and yet she seemed sane in other ways. Vasanti sank on her knees beside her.

"Mother, mother, what are you saying?" she pleaded.

"It was all for you, child, that I did it. I have killed a man, oh, I have killed a man, I have, I swear it."

"Whom, mother, whom did you kill?

"Whom else but your first husband. Oh, child, do not hate me, for it was for you. Listen, you remember that powder you asked me to keep for you. I mixed it in his medicine, and he took it and he died. There, it is out, and I am free of the secret at last. But remember I did it for you. And I have paid for it, in secret grief and in agony, and now—now—."

"Now—, oh, mother?"

"I have taken the poison myself, and I shall die very soon. Don't you believe me? There is still the paper in which it was kept, and there is some of the poison left. Oh, I have repaid. But tell me that you forgive me my sin".

"Oh, dear mother, you did it for my sake. You sacrificed yourself for me, and who am I to ask for pardon? It is for me to go on my bended knees to you and thank you for your love, and ask you for forgiveness of all my past unkindnesses."

"Then indeed, I can die happy."

And she turned her face to the wall and would speak no more.

Vasanti and her father and her husband consulted together and told the attendant doctor everything. That astonished man took the revelation rather frigidly.

"I find no signs of poison in her," he said. "She is only dying of inanition as it were and want of will to live. And she is very

hysterical. She took poison intended for rats, you say? Well, let me take it home and get it analysed, and we shall see what we shall see."

He was as good as his word; and it was found that the poison was no poison at all, but just a harmless medicine.

They told it to Radha and a great expression of relief came into her face.

"So, I killed no one, after all? Oh! the relief! Thank God for his mercy. Then I shall die happy."

"But you need not die, mother; you yourself have taken no poison."

It took Radha long to realise the truth. When she did do so, her old calmness and strength of purpose came back to her. She made up her mind to recover, and she did recover.

Was there not her daughter's new happiness to share in and enjoy?

And some months later, she held in her arms another grandson—a strong and chubby one this time, whom the parents christened *Gnanin*—the *Wise one*, but whom the grandmother insisted on nicknaming *Anakshara*—the *Ignorant one*, a name which she felt she might well have given to herself at one time.

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

WIRELESS V. PRINTING PRESS.

A DREAM

"THE Bombay Station of the Indian Broadcasting company closing down for the night: closing until five P. M. tomorrow. Goodnight, everybody—goodnight. Sleep soundly."

The voice ceased. I stretched myself in the long chair, and fully intended to follow the good advice and "sleep soundly". I switched off the Punkah and removed the head-phones. I dozed and dreamed a queer dream.

... ...

I was in a strange world: a modern world, but minus the printing press. In this world Caxton had not dropped his little blocks of inky wood on to the carpet to stand staring at the letters imprinted. He had not set up his printing-press, and as nobody else had, there were no books, no newspapers, no magazines, no pamphlets.

Yet the works of the authors, ancient and modern, were in every home: the news of the world was all around us.

The talkies and the gramophones had taken the place of books and magazines, and the wireless apparatus distributed the daily news. Books were heard and not read. The talkies and the gramaphone had been developed far beyond the wildest dreams of the present age, and the gramophone was no longer a luxury, but a necessity in every home, in every pocket. Operated by electricity, it was no bigger than a small pocket-book; records were produced cheaply in millions on this waxed paper. Everyone listened to literature, and the difficulties of two or three people in the same room "reading" records at the same time was overcome by records both "sweet and low". The author's voice, his intonation and rhetoric, as well as his "style" were not spared by his reviewers and critics. The dramas of Shakespeare, enriched by the spoken word, were as popular as is the modern novel.

Wireless receiving sets were as popular as fountain pens. Broadcasting stations were in every town—as common as the printing press of to-day. Listening-in apparatus was often fitted to headdresses, so that the wearer could listen at all hours of the day, and at all places.

The eyesight of the world was perfect: eye-glasses and spectacles were unknown—but ear specialists practised in every town and city, and small ear-drums for slight defects of hearing were as common as spectacles. Some of this, cut in a stylish manner, were worn in one ear only, reminding one of the monocle.

A wonderful world it was, and, as an odd result of the perpetual listening-in to wireless and gramophone, the spoken word seemed to have developed a richness that added to everyday conversation between man and man the beauty of intonation and of gesture.

... ...

I awoke from out of my dream, and saw that the fire had burnt out. There was the little wireless set which had said "Sleep soundly" and above a bookcase full of books.

I laughed and wondered: tried to visualize what might have been in the past, if Caxton had not dropped those inky letters on to his mother's carpet, if the linotype and printing presses had not been born of it: and I wondered too, at the future............

"NOSPEJ".

OUR POETRY PAGE.

1. LADY PURITY

La beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum.—
French proverb.

I know a lady fair to see,
  Whose beauty's most refining:

Her eyes are liquid as the sea—
Her voice, a stream of melody :
As airy clouds her vestments are,
And O! her life is like a star
  Above the dark world shining.

'Tis sweet, this lady's company,
  (Whose wisdom has no measure,)
Yet simple, shy and true is she—
Her name is Lady Purity :
High as the firmament her mind,
None living can her equal find,
  This lady of such treasure.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. THE NIGHT

As slowly the twilight darkness creeps,
All the world in stillness sleeps,
Under the sea the sun has gone,
There to sleep till break of morn.

The twilight to everyone seems dear,
And in every heart instils a fear,
As in prayer they bend their pious knee,
Singing the praise of the Almighty.

The sea waves with their thundering roar,
Break their wrath on the sandy shore,
They break the quietude of night,
As they try their never-ending might.

The birds have all sought their nest,
All beasts have laid their limbs to rest,
They know it's time to be in bed,
To rest in sleep their weary head.

The trees have closed their leaves in sleep,
And the world is plunged in darkness deep,
Few creatures dare to wander out,
For fear of dangers, there's no doubt.

Morn and Noon, Eve, and Night,
Each sheds forth a different light,
Then, who will not to God the Maker,
With heart and soul their praises offer?

T. P. JAYANTI.

IN MAN'S REALM.

1. FRIENDLY RUBBISH

What a mass of rubbish we all collect!

For most of us, our "bottom drawers" are the Holy of Holies of our innermost selves. Little things of trivial worth have halted us before some shop window; some small novelty has become the new toy of the moment, and a few days later it has found a burial place amongst the rest of our "treasures."

The odds and ends of our school-days—that stamp album, the false beard of the Amateur Theatricals, a pretty sea-shell that caught our fancy on the beach—they are all there. How strangely familiar they seem when we renew their acquaintance on going Home on leave after long years of absence. How foolish, and yet how friendly!

Then our *almirahs* in India. Those old shoes, the discarded and worn-out hats, the ties we never wear; why don't we scrap them? What use are they? Are we slaves to the lust of possession, or is it too much bother?

Many a woman's locked dressing table drawer contains *nothing but rubbish*. She leaves her jewels in an open jewel box, her wrist watch under the pillow, her gold slave bangle on the mantlepiece: but the rubbish, the sentimental rubbish to the material value of Rs. 0/0—, this *must* be locked securely away.

The male does not lock his rubbish away: he leaves it lying all over his dressing room—and he generally owns more than does his wife. "Let me throw those old slippers away, dear", she says, "you never wear them." "Oh—leave them there, dear. They might come in useful." He knows they never will, but is not ready to part with them.

Every other Sunday we make strong resolutions. We will go through our almirahs and turn out all those useless encumbrances. We handle them fondly—and put them back in another place. We have "tidied up."

Young married couples set their faces against rubbish: but it comes to them. "We will not have a horrid lumber cupboard, darling" says the bride. And the happy man congratulates himself on his wife's commonsense and emphatically agrees. But, before the honeymoon grows cold, the rubbish arrives, and they say "Ah well, it *might* come in useful!"

It never does, and they never scrap it all; no, not even when they move. It lives and dies with them. It is part of them, relics of the past—friendly rubbish.

"NOSPEJ."

2. THE EXPERIENCES OF AN INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICER TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR, IN 1928

II

Princess Mary joined us at Kantara. She had come to tour in Palestine. Kantara was the largest Base Depot on the Suez Canal during the Great War, and we could see signs of the camping ground still in existence. We left Kantara at 8 p. m. and at 11 arrived at Port Said, where some of the passengers disembarked to proceed to Alexandria, Egypt and Turkey. It was night, so we did not go ashore. Port Said is an important port, being at the northern end of the Suez Canal.

We had now reached the Mediterranean sea. The 15th of April had been a very interesting day for us, for we had seen much. No doubt, the country is barren on either side of the Canal, but there was a great deal to think about from the military point of view.

On the evening of the 16th, there was a "Gymkhna Day"; some comic events were set up such as :—

Blind-fold fighting with pillows, and a tin for making a noise,

Whistling Tunes,

Guessing from a picture drawn by ladies.

It was great fun. On the 18th April, our ship arrived between Italy and Sicily, and we also saw Stromboli, the volcano. On the 19th, we sighted Corsica, the birthplace of the great French General, Napoleon Bonaparte. Princess Mary distributed the prizes to the winners in the tournaments.

On the 20th of April, early in the morning, our ship arrived at the Dock of the P. & O. Company at Marseilles. This morning we took our food at 10 a. m. and went out into the town with Captain R. J. Mackay, M C. He exchanged £2 (Rs. 26) into francs ; the rate was 120 francs to the pound. As we left the ship, the first thing I saw was that the traffic in Marseilles passes by the right, instead of by the left as we do in India. Big French horses were pulling loaded carts just like camel carts, but all three horses were put in abreast. The tramways were just like those of Bombay, but were very small. The roads are very narrow. On the hill, there is a Roman Catholic church with a golden statue. There is a fine view of the town from the hill, on which this church stands. From there we descended in a lift which moves up and down by means of water-tanks, the filled one comes down and the empty one goes up. There is a brakeman in each lift.

WHITLEY COMMISSION.
Lady Assessor for U. P.
Mrs. J. P. SRIVASTAYA of Cawnpore,
who has been appointed by the President of the Royal Commission
on Lahore in India to serve as a Lady Assessor
for the United Provinces.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

CHIEF GIRL GUIDE OF TRAVANCORE.
Her Highness The Princess KARTIKA TIRUNAL,
(younger sister of H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore) who was recently enrolled as the Chief Girl Guide of Travancore.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

You see people of all nations in Marseilles, but the French are distinguishable by their long moustaches. The town is very crowded.

Princess Mary disembarked here and proceeded to London by train, as also did many passengers ; a special train goes to Calais and then from Dover to London. I saw the train marked "Bombay to London."

On 22nd of April, our ship arrived at Gibraltar. At 1 p. m., we went ashore. It is a nice small town but, as it was Sunday, the shops were all closed. We went to the neutral ground, on the boundary between the British Territory and Spain. Both sides are guarded by sentries, one side British and the other side Spanish. No Spanish person is allowed to pass through the British boundary without obtaining a pass; the gate is closed at 9 p. m. As our ship was to leave Gibraltar at four, we came back at 3-30 p. m.

From here we entered the Atlantic Ocean, and on our leaving Gibraltar the sea was so rough that I did not go up on deck for 2 days. The ship rolled very much, especially in the Bay of Biscay.

On the 15th of April, our ship arrived at Plymouth at dawn, and many passengers disembarked, who lived in the South of England. Trains go from here to London in five hours. Plymouth was once a famous naval Port. There is a big wireless station on a hill and a fort in the centre of the Bay. I saw a sub-marine and a destoryer patrolling in the Bay. Our ship left Plymouth at 8 a. m. All of us were busy packing our kit.

On the 26th April, early in the morning, our ship arrived at Tilbury Dock. Major A. K Macpherson and Pensioner Conductor Mr. Booth, I.A.S.C., came on board to take us to London. Captain R. J. Mackay, M.C., here handed over charge of the Indian Orderly Officers to Major A. K. Macpherson.

Our photograph was taken on board, as well as at the time of landing. After collecting our baggage, permission was obtained from the Customs to pass through the doors. Heavy duty is charged on tobacco and silk articles, but none of us had anything of that sort. We got into a 14-seater car, with our baggage loaded on top, and started for London, which was 23½ miles away.

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

(To be continued)

FRIENDLY CHATS

WOMEN'S EDUCATION

THE question "should women be educated at all"? has been sufficiently answered, and at the present day all are agreed that women ought to be given education. But the question of what kind of education should be given to our women remains unsettled. Well-known educationists express different opinions on this question. Whether our girls should have the same system of education as our boys is a matter of controversy. According to Prof. Karve, the founder of the Indian Women's University, if women's education is to be developed with reasonable rapidity, there should be some differentiation of curricula. The curricula should be suited to the needs and requirements of the majority of Indian women.

The Rt. Hon. V. S. S. Sastri is of opinion that the object of education, namely, preparation for the tasks of life, is common to both sexes, and the destiny of men and women being the same, woman ought not to be isolated from man in matters of education. Now the question arises, "what is woman's place in life and what are her life's fulfilments"?

Women have been in the past the unquestioned mistresses in their domestic spheres, taking an interest in their homes, loving chastity, maternity, and service to humanity. "Wherever there is something which is concretely personal and human, there is woman's world. The domestic world is the world where every individual finds his worth, therefore his value is not the market value but the value of love, the value that God in his infinite mercy has set upon all his creatures. This domestic world has been the gift of God to woman's personality", says Dr. Tagore.

It must be conceded that women have somewhat different functions in the scheme of nature, and they are pre-eminently adopted and intended by nature to perform certain duties in life. It follows therefore that the education given to them must be such as will better equip them for the more able performance of their duties. Women in India have a history of their own. Their ideals of life have been clearly set up long ago by the notable examples of glorious women in the past. Sister Nivedita said "there can never be any sound education of Indian women, which does not begin and end in the exaltation of the national ideal of womanhood, as embodied in her own history and Literature." The ideal of giving the same kind of education to boys and girls has not commended itself in England and other Western countries. The advocates of this ideal seem to have the idea of equality of sexes as the basis for their ideal. Women were in no way considered as inferior to men and they enjoyed equality of status with men, though equality need not mean identity of rights in all spheres

of life. It is necessary that in order to view the women's educational problem from a fair standpoint, we should forget the false notion of inferiority and superiority in relation to men and women. Sir Frederic Treves, an eminent English Surgeon said "In mental qualities the two sexes are undoubtedly dissimilar, but dissimilars are not necessarily unequals. Equality does not demand identity, but is compatible with and even depends upon a system of differentiation, under which either sex seeks to multiply at a rich interest its own peculiar talents. To use the terms superior and inferior in this comparison is mere blundering. There is no common standard by which they can be judged fairly. Estimated by the unit of the female intellect, the man is deficient; while viewed from the standard of man the female is lacking".

The existing system of education for girls being based on the same lines as that of boys, there must be reform in many directions. The proper type of education is that which will make girls more practical and will ensure improved health to the students, an education with a more cultural infusion in it. Women have always shown a particular prediliction for the beautiful and have contributed very largely to the aesthetic side of human culture. They need a special education to implant their emotional and sub-conscious element into the man-made mechanical civilisation of the present day.

One of the essential functions of woman is to keep the home cheerful, and beautiful, and women should be trained in social ethics, social sciences, Hygiene and child-welfare. Physiology must be taught and suitable physical exercises must be imposed in order to ensure good health. Women are by nature averse to hard and dry subjects like grammar and Mathematics. Algebra and Geometry should be made optional, while Domestic Science, Hygiene, Music and painting should be made compulsory subjects.

Putting forward a scheme of different curricula for women does not mean that they should be barred from educating themselves for professions, which have been considered the monopoly of the other sex. It is a pleasing feature that in recent times, surmounting the difficulties that lay ahead of them,—Purdah system and the custom of early marriage—Indian women have gained great distinction at the Universities and have admirably qualified themselves as doctors, teachers and lawyers. But it is not so much on isolated examples of eminent intellectual activity that the progress of this country depends, but upon the interests of the large majority of girls.

Elementary education is one of the minimum necessities of human existence. 98 per cent of Indian women are illiterate and in order to remove this illiteracy the immediate adoption of a

programme of compulsory education for girls is absolutly necessary. The Hartog Committee have reported that the waste in primary education is apalling. "The primary system", they say "should be designed to produce literacy and the capacity to exercise an intelligent vote."

In the secondary course, the vernacular must be the medium of instruction and literature should form an important subject of study. The secondary school course must be complete in itself and not a preparatory ground for the University course. A number of authorities have testified to the crushing intellectual burden of pupils who have to acquire knowledge through the medium of a foreign language, particularly in the high school course, leading to a great waste of time and energy and to attaching more importance to words than to thoughts. In the last decade, U. P. and the Punjab have adopted the vernacular medium of instruction for the middle classes. Almost all Universities in India are agreed that in the High School course the vernacular may be profitably used, and that English may be advantageously reduced in use up to the present matriculation stage, with provision for a more rational teaching of the mother-tongue as a method of mind-training.

Mr. Otts Rothfeld, in his book on "Women of India", said that "Europe has not yet devised any suitable system of higher education for girls, has rather busied itself with what is unsuitable and injurious. Girls have been encourged to emulate boys in every sort of education within the same curriculam, without heed of their earlier precocity, different methods of nervous activity—and they (Indian Parents) should not let their girls run the risk of such an education which distorts rather than develops their sex."

Mr. Rothfeld has rightly studied the minds of Indian parents. One of the chief causes for the lack of women's education in India is the apathy of the parents, who refuse to send their girls to the schools. They say, "You have spoiled our boys enough; why do you want to spoil our girls?" They are not unjustified in putting such questions. The existing system of education is unnatural and demoralising.

Now the evil custom of early marriage, which has been a serious impediment in the way of women's education, has been removed by the Sarda Act. The next step should be to remove the apathy of the parents, by providing an attractive and ideal curricula for girls' education, consisting of a nine or ten years' useful and practical course of study. Women's universities should be founded all over India and worked out on the lines followed by the women's university at Poona.

K. ANANTACHARI.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

1. THE LUCKY HARE.

SARMA, the little hare, was longing for the light of dawn to break the gloomy darkness of the night. He was always so full of life and had such a tremendous interest in all the things around him, that he hated going to bed, and no sooner did he hear the first cock-crow in the early morning, than he would sit up and wait for the first tiny speck of grey light to appear in the East. On this particular morning, he waited with extra impatience, for it had rained a little the night before, and the earth had that peculiar smell after a light shower, which is so pleasing, not only to human beings, but to little hares also.

At last, after what seemed hours of waiting, the light broke on the Eastern horizon, and Sarma gave one dart, and was off like a streak of lightning across the forest, even before his surprised mother could say 'good-morning' to him. Away he went, galloping madly, for his legs were stiff after the long night's rest, and he was cold. After running for a mile or two, he felt better, and halted to have a snack at his morning meal. He sat nibbling for a little while, and then he ran again. But he had not gone more than a few paces, when bang—he went tumbling head over heels, and landed in a strange-looking heap of strings tied up together. Oh, what had happened? Poor Sarma could not think. All he knew was that he was caught, and try as he might, he simply could not extricate himself. He struggled and struggled, until mere exhaustion made him lie gasping within the tangled heap which had caught him. Alas, alas, he had fallen into one of those nets, against which his mother had warned him so often. These traps are set by human beings, to catch poor little innocent hares.

The sun rose higher and higher, and still Sarma lay entrapped. Terror gripped his soul. He could not get free, and soon he became so tired with struggling, that he thought he was going to die. Thus it was that he had not even the strength to fight, when a cruel-looking man came along, with a sack upon his shoulders, and undid the net. Oh, the agony of that moment for poor little Sarma. How he stared at that horrid man, like a frog magnetised by the eyes of a greedy snake.

The man cut the knot which tied the net, and in his carelessness, his knife touched Sarma, and in a second, a nasty gash had been made in his skin. The blood pored out of the wound, and poor little Sarma whimpered with pain, but, what did it matter to the man? *He* did not care. As long as *he* felt no pain, what did it matter if other beings suffered?

He put the wounded hare into the sack, and swung it over his shoulder. Then he marched away towards the town in the heat, with a grim expression of satisfaction.

After about half-an-hour, he stopped at a house, and shouted out :—

"A hare for sale."

And the cook of the house came out and said :—

"No, go away. We do not want it."

The man was just turning away, when he suddenly heard the voice of a girl call to him from the house.

"Did you say a hare?" asked the voice. "Bring it here."

The man took the sack to the house, opened it, and took out bleeding Sarma, trembling with fear.

The girl shuddered when she saw him.

"Ah, poor, poor thing," she cried. "How much do you want for it?"

"Two Rupees," said the man.

"Here it is; take the money and go, you cruel man; only tell me from where you caught it, before you go."

"Over there," said the man, pointing to a distant hill.

The girl thanked him, and clutching Sarma in her arms, she waited until he was well out of sight.

After he could be seen no more, she took a cooling ointment, and smeared it on the wound which Sarma had. Then, she called the servant to bring a clean new sack, and placed Sarma carefully inside, and had the opening of the sack tied up.

After that, she put on her sandals, and took her umbrella, and telling the servant to carry the sack, she set out to that distant hill which the cruel man had pointed out to her. It was very far, and the sun was intense; but the girl marched on valiantly, her sari flapping in the hot breeze. At last she reached the hill, and when she came to a thick part of the forest, she told the servant to undo the sack and set little Sarma free. The hare stood still for a second, not knowing what had happened. Then, he suddenly realised his freedom, and with one bound, was lost in the thick of the jungle; and the girl walked back home, while her servant followed behind, open-mouthed with wonder at the love which his little mistress showed to poor dumb animals.

Thus did Sarma achieve his freedom again. What a lucky hare he was to have fallen into the hands of that kind-hearted girl!

P. SATTHIANADHAN.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear children,

The old year has passed and a new one has come. Is it not strange to realise that never again will this year, which has gone, come back to us? I wonder how many of you look back to the days which have passed, with regret, and how many of you can conscientiously say, "I have no regrets. I did my very best to carry out all my good resolutions which I made at the beginning of the year, and I am quite satisfied." I think, however, that most of us belong to the former category, and few to the latter. Strange, is it not, and yet quite natural. Life consists in making resolutions and not keeping them, and the joy of planning out all our New Year resolutions makes up for the regret, at the end of the year, for not having kept them. Also, there is always another New Year waiting for us. Why should we worry about the past when there is the glorious future before us? Yes, let us make our little resolutions once again for the coming year. What shall they be?

We must work hard at our lessons, even though we may not like studying, for we must think of the pleasure we give our parents when we do well at school.

We must not be naughty. We must be obedient, and not grumble at the things we are asked to do. We must not sulk and lose our temper, and so on.

I can imagine the resolutions you are all making, and I can recall the time, when on a New Year's eve, when I was of your age, I crept away to my room, and secretly wrote down my future good deeds in a grimy old note book. What strange resolutions they were; but I expect your's are stranger than mine were.

There are some people who always bemoan the past, and never take delight in the future. Queer creatures they are, made up of sighs and lamentations, and always wishing they had done something they had not done. I hope none of you are like that, for what does it matter if you have failed in the past. Make up your mind to do your best hereafter. It does not matter if this resolution does not always succeed. The very fact of your having tried, speaks well for your character.

There are other people, who never make New Year resolutions, and who laugh cynically at those who do. "What's the good of your resolutions?" they say, "you never keep them!" Poor people! I cannot help pitying them. But they are not so bad as those who go to the extreme of not having any dreams of the future at all. "Castles in the air," they cry. "They never come true!" Ah, yes, perfectly correct. Few of our dreams ever materialise; and still, I would not give up my dreams and ideals for the whole

world. What would life be without them? We all have ambitions, hopes and desires. There would be no joy in our existence without them. Just as a child delights in blowing soap bubbles into the air, merely to see them burst into invisible fragments, even so, let us for ever build upon hope. What if it should come to naught?

And so, I hope this New Year will make you thrill at the idea of making wonderful resolutions, and trying your best to carry them out. And I hope none of you are looking back with sad faces at the past; but are building all your hopes on the future. That's the best way to enjoy life.

Now, I shall close with the heartiest greetings to you all for the coming year.

Yours Sincerely,

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIX. ABSCESSES AND BOILS.

'ABSCESS' is a term applied to a painful and inflamed swelling which after a certain course terminates in the discharge of pus or matter. Abscesses may be present in any part of the body. They differ from a boil in not containing dead flesh or a central core inside. Abscesses often arises from a local injury, but they may originate from cold, or without any assignable cause, or be connected with debilitating conditions. The summer frequently gives rise to a crop of boils and abscesses in some children.

Symptoms are of an acute nature. The swelling increases rapidly, is hot and hard to the touch, painful and red. The pain is of a throbbing nature. As days go on the pain increases and the abscess becomes soft and turns into matter. If left to itself, the pus travels towards the surface and bursts sooner or later, say in a week, discharging the matter through one or more apertures If the abscess forms very deep below the surface of the skin or if it forms on the heel, hand or fingers, the suffering is more intense and the matter longer in coming to the surface. In these circumstances, the swelling will be marked and will extend far beyond the actual site of the abscess.

If the inflammation is at all severe, one should expect some fever and its attendant phenomena, such as constipation, thirst, dry tongue, loss of appetite, etc. The sleeplessness owing to pain will add to the discomfort.

Treatment.— When an abscess has actually formed, the formation of pus cannot be prevented, nor can the pus be absorbed if it has formed already. In the earliest stages however, application

of cold—lint or linen wet with cold water or with cold vinegar and water,—and keeping the part at perfect rest may prevent the formation of pus. But if the abscess has become fairly advanced, measures calculated to further the ripening should be adopted. The best is hot fermentation, hot boric poultice, or hot linseed poultice, repeated every 4 or 5 hours. Or antiphlogistine can be applied, once in 12 hours with the same result. These applications, particularly the last named, relieve the pain also remarkably well. When the abscess has burst, or has been opened surgically, all further infection from outside should be prevented. Hot boric poultiries or any antiseptic dressing continued daily will cure the wound in a short time.

If the abscess is large or deep-seated, or if the pain and constitutional symptoms are severe, a surgeon should be consulted. The same thing should be done if an abscess, having burst of itself, does not heal rapidly or if it develops a persistent discharge.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

A NEW YEAR COSTUME

The sari is such a pretty affair as it is generally worn in South India, that one hesitates to suggest additions or innovations. Yet, there is no doubt that some new touches can be added and that with benefit, if carefully thought out. Here is one, which has struck my fancy.

Lately, I saw one of my young friends wearing a little waistcoat, or small sleeveless coatee, under her sari, over her jacket. She wore it just down to the waist-line, where she pinned it down on both sides to her sari. It looked very pretty thus, especially as she had a slim figure ; but, I think a good idea also would be to wear the coatee three-quarters down the bust, with curved ends embroidered to match the sari.

Here is the scheme in colours, which my friend wore. The sari was of bright orange crepe-de-chine, bordered with a gold border, which was inter-woven with black silk, the blouse of silk of the same colour, (it can be of the same material, or, if you like, carried out in a heavier silk). The sleeves, worn half-way to the elbow, were bordered and also the little round neck, with trimming of the same kind as that on the sari. The little waistcoat of black satin, which was embroidered on the lower edge, and at the corners, with orange silk embroidery of the same shade as the sari.

A pretty variation would be an orange chiffon or Georgette sari, with trimming as suggested before, but worn over a black silk skirt ; or the sari can be of orange Benares silk, of the heavier

kind, or better still of the thinner, finer kind, now patronised so largely by Indian ladies, woven with a black and gold border.

All these would suit dainty figures well. For a fuller, more majestic type, I would suggest the colours reversed,—a black silk sari, either crepe-de-chine, or Indian-woven, worn with a gold and orange border, over a black silk blouse trimmed in the same manner: with the waistcoat in orange silk, embroidered in black silk. If the sari is of thin material, it can be worn over an orange silk skirt.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.

1. ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUERIES.

"AMBITIOUS".

Your face may be a plain one; but that is no reason why it should not be an attractive one. As we have been told so often before, the real attraction of a face lies in the record on it of a sweet character. Learn, therefore, to cultivate the latter. If you have to meet troubles, and cannot live in a peaceful atmosphere, learn to be brave and cheerful through everything. If you are surrounded by peace and comfort and happiness, learn not to grow tired of what you have, as so many do. Try not to be restless or *blase* or disillusioned. The greatest happiness is to give pleasure and service to others. If you make this your motto in life, you will succeed in making yourself a charming girl, whose presence must be felt sometime. But woe be to you if you try to serve others, just from the motive of cultivating a good expression. Your face, then will become so fatuous and self-complacent, that few will look twice at you. Rather, you will become that much dreaded character—a bore. It is not indeed by self-assertion that we can assert ourselves, but by self-suppression.

"PUZZLED"—What do you want to learn dancing for? First, question your motive and see if it is a worthy one. If it is an unworthy one, and merely to gratify your sense of enjoyment and your desire for the company of men, give it up. If you wish to learn dancing, because of the love of rhythmic movements, of a wish to be graceful, of a desire to give expression to ideas of beauty within you, of a wish to interpret them, learn it.

Personally, I am not much in favour of Indian girls learning dancing. But, I suppose I am old-fashioned. There is no harm, however, in it, if indulged in innocently. You should try to persuade your parents to let you learn dancing, promising them, if necessary, that, without their permission, you will not dance with strange men.

If you find that your people still object and will be hurt badly by your persistence, give up the idea for the present, but continue to try to induce them to change their minds. I would not let the wish of anyone but my parents weigh in such a case ; but there is no use in paining their minds unnecessarily. After all, learning dancing is not a vital matter, in which you need to assert your independence.

PERPLEXED MOTHER.—Lately, I came across some advice in the *Parent's Magazine*, which will partly meet your need. If your child is deceitful, the journal states that it must have been partly through you. Here is a quotation from it :

"He perceives you doing something which you have told him is not right to do. His world would topple about his ears if he were to admit to himself the logical conclusion that a parent does wrong. He therefore protects his need to respect you by denying the evidence of his own senses. Now, having lied in his own heart to protect you, he has the habit ready at hand and he may lie later very readily to protect himself. If you resolve to understand the child instead of allowing yourself to feel guilty, because you are the parent of a little story-teller, he will outgrow the habit. He will outgrow it, when he is old enough to be able to admit that your acts and your admonitions do not always jibe. If you can observe your child objectively and admit all the evidence of the whole twenty-four hours, you will realize that the child has been taught to lie by his so great need to love and respect you.

"If we want our children to be entirely truthful—and it seems to me that they are extra-ordinarily truthful as it is—we adults will have to take to more truth-telling ourselves."

I would therefore advise you first to make up your mind never to tell an untruth to your children in anything.

Secondly, I would try to understand them in all their little needs and foibles.

Thirdly, I would make myself such a companion and friend to them, that they will see that there will be no need to lie to me.

And thus, I shall invite their full confidence and teach them to trust in me. All this means time and patience and energy and self-control. "They want so pathetically to please us. Their very bravados, their rebellions, are attempts to impress us with their independence, their worth. They will be truthful with us, and with the world, just as far as we, and later the world, will allow them to be"

DULL WIFE.—I would show my husband that I can do all my house-duties well, in spite of time set apart for leisure, by doing them well. Try and finish all your work at home ; or try to set it going, so that it will finish itself easily and well.

If you can afford a servant, teach the servant to be very efficient.

If you cannot, do everything yourself, with the idea of a little leisure before you.

Persuade your husband to take you out for a little pleasure. Do not let him overcome you by his arguments, or frighten you. Keep on at him gently till he consents. After all, it is up to a wife to influence her husband.

But, if he gives in to you and tries to please you, you must not take things with too high a hand, and insist on always going out into society. You can shew him that you can control your restlessness, and that you are happy to be at home sometimes. Find pleasure therefore as well as satisfaction in your home and your home-duties; and never try to submerge the latter in society pleasure.

"MOTHER CONFESSOR."

2. QUERIES.

Anxious Mother.

How can I make a bashful child come forward?

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

(SELECTED).

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.

2½ cups White Sugar.
6 heaping teaspoons Cocoa.
¾ cup Milk.
A pinch of Cream of Tartar.
A pinch of Salt.
1 heaping teaspoon Butter.
½ teaspoon Vanilla.
(1 cup chopped Walnuts, if wished)

Mix the dry sugar, cocoa, salt and cream of tartar in a large *dekchie*, or saucepan. The cream of tartar helps to keep the sweets smooth, and prevents them being grainy. Add the milk. Now take a little butter, and grease the inside of the pan. This will keep the sugar from sticking to the sides while it is cooking, thus preventing any grains of sugar from remaining undissvoled. Cook over a moderate fire. The secret of cooking it well is this: Stir the mixture until all the sugar is dissolved, then, and not until then, let it begin to boil. After it is boiling, do not stir it, or your candy is likely to turn grainy. Chocolate boils very high, so be sure to use a big enough pan.

Try a few drops of the boiling syrup in a cup of cold water. When it forms a firm ball, remove at once from the fire and drop in the butter, but do not stir. Set the pan into a bowl of cold water, and let it stand until nearly cool. Then add the vanilla, and beat it thoroughly. It will require a lot of beating, and will turn gradually from a sticky to a creamy state. When it is very creamy, pour it out in a shallow buttered pan, and just before it sets cut it in squares. A cupful of chopped walnuts may be added just before pouring out, or, instead of the nuts, a few drops of oil of peppermint makes a pleasing variety. In this case omit the vanilla.

The principle of letting the syrup cool before beating is one followed by all good cooks for obtaining a smooth, creamy consistency in the sweets. If made correctly, these should melt in your mouth.

The Treasure Chest

MANGO PUDDING.

Take eight green mangoes (or apples), peel and slice them and put them in a stewpan with 4 ozs. sugar and 2 ozs. of butter and stew until tender; rub the fruit through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon, and beat in the yolks of three eggs. Butter a pie dish, pour in the mixture, bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff forth with a tablespoonful of fine sugar. Spread on the top of the pudding and return it to the oven to set the meringue. In setting a meringue, care must be taken to place the pudding in a cool part of the oven, otherwise the meringue will sit down and "go-flop."

India

MANGO FLUMMERY.

Put 8 large mangoes (slightly unripe) into the oven and bake till soft, then peel and scrape all the fruit from the seeds; sweeten to taste. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add the fruit, and whip all well together. Place in a mould on the ice and cover it over to keep the air from it. Let it remain for several hours, turn into a glass dish and decorate with ratafia biscuits and crystallized fruit, and serve with whipped cream. Apples can be used in the same way.

India

IVORY CREAM.

¾ cup sugar	1 cup whipped cream
2 cups hot milk	1½ tablespoons of gelatin
¼ cup cold water	1 teaspoon vanilla

Add sugar to hot milk and pour over gelatin after it has first been soaked in cold water. Add vanilla when nearly cool. When

begining to thicken add whipped cream. Pour into mould and cool. May be served plain or with chocolate sauce or fruit.

The Parents' Magazine.

GOOD COTTAGE PUDDING.

½ cup sugar	1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter	
½ cup milk	1 egg
Pinch salt	1 cup flour

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, alternately with flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve with preserved fruits or with sliced bananas and oranges or other fruit combinations.

CINNAMON CRISPS.

¾ cup sugar	½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup butter	1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ cup milk.	

Cream butter and sugar; add dry ingredients throughly mixed, then milk. Roll thin, cut in fancy shapes and decorate with nuts.

The Parents' Magazine.

Our Needlework Notes

From *The Parents' Magazine (America)*.

HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED).

TEA DRINKING.

The Chinese believe that tea is good inasmuch as it clears away the impurities of the body, drives off drowsiness and prevents and cures headache. Of course it possesses a stimulating effect and produces a momentary power of working when tired. This does not follow that tea is good. But it must be remembered that Chinese drink tea only after finishing a meal and as such it may not produce such a bad effect. We, in our anxiety to imitate others copy out the faulty system of the English people, who drink tea with and between meals. It is authoritatively stated that the pernicious system of drinking tea during a meal is one peculiar to British folks and the habit is the cause of many dyspeptic troubles.

There are some people who take tea with eggs—and they will do well if they listen to another authority who says "Tea taken with animal food, be it egg, fish, flesh or fowl is a certain means of producing Dyspepsia. For, when the tea is drawn for a long time and when the tea used is of an inferior quality, the tannic-acid of the decoction uniting with the albumen of the animal tissues, produces a leathery compound (tannate of gelatine) which no gastric Juice, however potent, can digest.

A person who takes 5 or 6 large cups of strong tea, must, in course of time, be affected by acidity, wind, colic and costiveness. Sleeplessness and loss of appetite must also naturally follow. In an advanced state the person becomes handicapped by dilatation of the stomach and palpitation of heart.

If you discover any of these symptoms, it is high time for you to stop tea drinking altogether. But if you have not that will-power to resist the temptation, make the tea as weak as possible by degrees. Never put tea in boiling water; pour the boiling water on the tea, keep it only for two minutes and then drink it with as little milk and sugar as possible.

HEARTBURN:—This is a symptom of indigestion, and you should adopt a very simple diet. Chew your food well and eat slowly. Knock off your tea for a time, and avoid potatoes, new bread, heavy puddings, cakes and pastries. Take ten grains of bicarbonate of soda and 15 drops of compound tincture of cardamoms to a tablespoonful of peppermint-water three times a day after food for a few days. If the bowels are not regular, take a dose of Cascara every night at bedtime. You will soon get rid of this little trouble by careful dieting.

The Family Review.

SOME MEDICINAL USES OF LEMON JUICE

ANTISEPTIC (general): As a powerful bactericide and germicide its use as an external remedy is as efficacious as in internal use. It is often far better and safer to use than iodine, as it does not tend to destroy tissue as is the case of iodine. It solely attacks the bacteria and allows the tissue to heal normally.

ASTHMA: The juice of one lemon taken before each meal and at bedtime will greatly alleviate.

BILIOUSNESS: Avoid foods, giving rest to the stomach and take the juice of one lemon equally diluted five times daily.

BOILS: Lemon regime, if attacks are bad, numerous and persistent. Local application until head shows, then heat a lemon, cut in two, apply one half as hot as can be born, bind. When boil breaks, thoroughty cleanse with warm water containing juice of one lemon to a pint of boiled water. See that all pus is removed and dress.

COLDS: Bake in moderately heated oven one lemon until rind cracks and juice begins to exude. Of this juice take a tablespoonful every three hours. A little honey may be added for children. Avoid solid food till recovered.

DANDRUFF: The cut end of a lemon to be rubbed into the scalp.

DIPHTHERIA: Gargle throat with equal quantities of juice and water, once every hour, later every two hours. Patient should swallow about a tablespoonful of undiluted juice to cut the false membrane and repeat this if necessary.

ERYSIPELAS: Equal quantities of juice and brandy applied to inflamed part and kept moist till inflammation has subsided.

FEVERS: Lemon juice as a refrigerant is excellent and will reduce temperature.

HEADACHE (Billious): To a cup of black coffee add a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

INFLUENZA: Avoid solid food and drink plenty of juice, fever will subside and recovery soon follow.

LIVER TROUBLES: The juice is of great value if taken plentifully as it cleanses the liver as no other agent can.

PYORRHEOA: Use the neat juice as a mouth wash and massage gums gently with a quartered lemon each night and morning.

SKIN TROUBLES: In all cases the regime is recommended, and local application, diluted slightly, and as ointment according to the case and condition.

SORE THROAT: Paint throat with slightly diluted juice.

WOUNDS: Cleanse with warm water containing juice, then apply undiluted juice and dress.

Pure lemon juice or diluted with rosewater is a splendid beautifier.

Fresh juice rubbed every night into the skin that has become coarse and subject to open pores and blackheads, allowed to dry and washed off every morning, will show surprising results.

For premature wrinkles, fresh juice rubbed gently across them will prove the finest astringent obtainable for this purpose.

Equal quantities of juice and water removes stains from the nails and will also loosen the cuticle.

The pure juice will whiten the teeth, preserve them and remove the filmy deposit, and also keep the mouth fresh and clean.

After a shampoo, the juice of one lemon in a pint of warm, soft water invigorates the hair and renders it bright and glossy.

For reddened and sore hands rub juice well into the skin, allow to dry for a minute, then apply vaseline. To be done once or twice during the day and at night, for the latter gloves may be used to protect the clothes.

Lemons may be kept fresh by smearing each fruit with vaseline and then wrap in tissue paper.

Once a lemon is cut, put the cut side on a plate and cover with a tumbler.

The maximum amount of juice can be obtained by heating the lemon thoroughly before squeezing, but do not use this procedure if the juice is intended for medicinal purposes unless indicated.—*Health*.

EAT MORE SWEETS.

CHOCOLATE CURE FOR WEAK HEARTS.

Eat more chocolate and grow thin! That is the latest advice of the doctors.

"Investigations conducted by a German heart specialist for twenty-five years, show that, contrary to the popular belief, chocolate is the best for obesity. Experiments by the German specialist, Dr. Fredrich Bosser, also reveal that chocolate effects a permanent cure of weak hearts, neurasthenia, neuralgia and nerves.

Chocolate has a rich lime content, and sufferers should eat plenty of foods that are rich in lime Cocoa contains 5 7 per cent of lime, almonds 8·81 per cent, walnuts 8·59 per cent, cocoanut 4·82 per cent and vanilla the remarkable figure of 27·4 per cent.

BEETROOT AND MILK.

Other lime-containing foods that should be taken by stout

people and sufferers from nervous disorders include brown sugar candy (14·6 per cent of lime, beetroot 6 per cent,) cream and milk.

Sound, steady nerves are directly dependent on an adequate lime content in the brain. Irritability, restlessness, and twitching nerves are due to too low a lime content in the brain.

People who have a strong bias for savouries and who seldom touch sweets or milk (as a beverage) will often be found to have weak nerves and short tempers. Bad hearts and bad tempers often go together.

Vegetarians are quiet, well-controlled people, mainly because they eat a large quantity of nuts and drink a good deal of milk.

—*The Family Review.*

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

The habit of seeking pure air by sleeping out of doors at night and living out by day does not bring about maximum results sought for, though it helps considerably to cure and prevent Consumption.

The only infallible remedy for the cure and prevention of pulmonary Tuberculosis or T. B. lies in the correct method of Deep Breathing or Pranayama, as we call it. It consists in full inhalation, holding of breath and complete exhalation—all through the nose only, with the mouth shut.

The expression—Deep Breathing—is generally taken to mean filling one's lungs with air with a view to increase their capacity. But the secret of Deep Breathing is not so much in the method of inhalation as is in that of exhalation. The manner of exhalation, as expounded by all of our authorities, such as Patanjali, Yajnavalkya, Vasistha, Hata-Yoga-Pradipika, Amrit-Bindu-Upanishad, etc., is to slowly exhale through the nose only and to press in or squeeze the abdomen as far as one can do in order to expel all the toxin-laden air from the lungs.

Most of the modern American and European authorities on Deep Breathing agree with this principle and method of exhalation.

"The positive cure of Consumption," remarks Edmund Shaftesbury, author of 'Complete Life Building Method,' 1924, "and the guaranteed prevention of pneumonia depend not on how much air you inhale, but on how much you exhale."

Now, you will see how this Scientific method of exhalation is adopted in our Namaskar Exercise. In performing one Namaskar, one has to squeeze or pull in the abdomen three times to secure complete exhalation, i. e., in Position 2, 5 and 9. In other words, one has to do three Deep Breaths in one Namaskar. You thus do automatically as many as 75 Deep Breaths in performing one round i e, in 25 Namaskaras. In four rounds of Namaskar Exercise, which an

average man or woman can easily do within 30 minutes, you actually do 300 Pranayams or Deep Breaths, i. e., 300 full inhalations, 300 holdings of breath, and 300 complete exhalations!

No germs, therefore, if any, can approach you, nay, you can defy Consumption, if you will but to do the Namaskar Exercise daily and methodically.

The value of the Namaskar Exercise, when practised in open air with correct breathing and with the bare body exposed to the vitalizing ultra-violet morning rays of the Sun, can hardly be too strongly emphasized.

Thus, when regularly, systematically, daily, and carefully done, the Namaskar Exercise will prove both a cure and a preventive for pulmonary Tuberculosis.—*The Hindu.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE FIRST GIRL MATRICULATE FROM GWALIOR.

We wish to congratulate Srimati Indumati Raje Rajwade, daughter of H. H. The Chief of Sangli and the daughter-in-law of Raja General G. R. Rajwade of Gwalior. We are told that this beautiful and charming young princess is the first girl to matriculate from Gwalior. We feel sure that she will do much useful work in her own sphere of life, which, we hope, as years pass, will extend to a larger and wider field of activity.

Stri-Dharma.

We congratulate and welcome Miss Anusuya Paranjpe and Mrs. Malati Kelkar on their gaining the Montessori diploma in London this year. They have just returned after an inspiring contact with Madame Montessori during her lectures and demonstrations in the real understanding of the method. They have visited many schools in England and the Continent and we feel sure that with this experience they will evolve a suitable scheme for training young children here, in the spirit of Madame Montessori's methods. Mrs. Malati Kelkar has returned to her work in the Theosophical Girls' School, Benares and Miss Anasuya Paranjpe is appointed by the Gwalior Government to start a Montessori School in the present Sirdar School there. We wish these two young sisters a life of usefulness in their vocation.

Stri-Dharma.

The Bombay Legislature recently passed a Bill to make it compulsory for all nurses to register. This is a much-needed measure, for without such registration any one may call herself a

nurse and start a practice without any qualifications whatsoever and the unsuspecting public suffer, while nurses who are fully trained have to suffer from unfair competition.

There is however, a class of untrained nurses most common in India, who cannot be suddenly eliminated, namely, the Indian midwife, or dhai. Only a small minority of the people as yet use the hospitals or have trained help, all the rest depend on the hereditary dhai who is ignorant of the most elementary ideas of hygiene or medical science. This, more than any other cause, is responsible for much of the needless suffering in childbirth. People are not going to give up calling in these women at once, moreover, there is not yet enough trained help available especially in the villages. Too harsh treatment will kill any hope of getting the dhais trained.

A meeting of the Women's Council was held on June 25th under the presidency of Lady Ramanbai Nilkanth of Ahmedabad to press for a bill on these lines, and also to ask that provision be made for adequate supervision of all on the register. This would insure that they received help in difficult cases if desired, also pressure could be brought to bear upon them to undergo training. The speakers were Dr. Dadabhoy, a prominent lady doctor, who explained the purpose of the bill, Mrs. Tudor Owen (a member of the Bombay Board Y. W. C. A.) and others. The Y. W. C. A. was well-represented and there was a good audience of women who passed the resolution unanimously and authorised it to be sent to Government.

The Woman's outlook.

"A WOMAN OF INDIA." By G. S. Dutt published by Hogarth Press. Rs. 3-6.

This is a simple and brief biography of Saroj Nalini, wife of Mr. G. S. Dutt, founder of many Women's Institutes (Mahila Samitis) in India. The book is throughout very interesting and well-written and inspired by deep feeling. It is a personal tribute to a noble woman whose love and sweetness enriched the lives of many, who came in contact with her, and especially that of her husband to which this book bears such a glowing testimony. As we read it, we cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that she was indeed a very remarkable woman and that India and especially Bengal have sustained a great loss at her untimely death at the age of thirty-six. The natural simplicity and grace of a Bengali woman was combined in her with a wonderful sense of method, a great capacity for work and an extra-ordinary ability for organizing. She was a keen and life-long worker for the uplift of Indian womanhood, for she felt convinced that nothing could remove the evils that mar the social life of India

until the women were educated and out of purdah. The burden of her song, as she passed from district to district and village to village, was "I implore you to set up a school for girls in your village." Mr. Dutt gives some amusing instances in the book, of how many an obdurate and old-world mother or mother-in-law was brought round by her gentleness and tact and consented to send her daughters and daughters-in-law to school. Her whole life was a striking testimony to the fact that an Indian woman can take a leading part in the outside world and yet be a devoted wife and a perfect housewife. She assimilated the best that the West could give her, without forgetting the Bengali traditions and customs which enabled her to work with such success even among the most conservative of her sisters. In all her untirng efforts to found women's institutes, set up girls' schools or start clubs, we find not only efficiency but a quickness to understand different needs and a ready sympathy for all. The title of M B. E was conferred on her in 1918, the only Bengali woman with the exception of the Maharani of Cooch-Behar, to be thus honoured. The British Red Cross Society gave her a certificate and badge for war-work She never liked to wear the badge or the title She worked for love and considered the love and respect, that greeted her on all sides, as her greatest reward.

The Woman's Outlook

WHY NOT ROLLS OF HONOUR FOR INDIAN FILMS?

That competition is the keynote of all progress and development is veritably true of every endeavour. The basic fundamental of all life is conflict, competition. The history of all life itself is one great conflict after another—one state, ever struggling with the other, evolving a third state—and so life goes on in an endless chain of competition. In his struggle towards progress and enlightenment, Man is ever competing. The great strides in the Arts, Sciences and Industries of the world are a direct result of competition—competition fostering enthusiasm and enthusiasm breeding the incentive of progress. The spirit of competition and enthusiasm must therefore be the dominating factor in the development of any Industry struggling against conventional mediocracy Competition is the dominant note in the life of America. Originality and progress are the direct result.

Perhaps no more striking phase of a competitive and enthusiastic spirit of endeavour exists than in the American Film Industry. The present-day evolution of American films is the result of constant competition and endeavour within itself. Basically, as I have said before, this is the spirit of progress. It is to be found to-day more prevalently than ever in every phase

of the motion-picture business. Distinguished awards and medals of honour are offered every year by responsible bodies, such as the Academy of Motion Picture, Arts and Sciences, the Photoplay Magazine, etc., for the best produced pictures of the year. Then, there are other awards for the best story, the best acting and best direction. A Roll of Honour according to merit is published annually by leading film journals, naming the ten best pictures and ten best directors voted by a nation-wide ballot. The Fox production of "Seventh Heaven" won the Photoplay Medal of Honour, as the best production of 1927.

Other countries, realising the importance of concentrated enthusiasm in their picture industries, are also taking the necessary steps towards this end. The Australian Government is now offering a reward of $25,000 for a scenario that would be a credit to Australian interests. Germany and Russia are also endeavouring to encourage and enthuse their Film Industries in every manner possible.

In the interests of the Indian Film Industry, I feel it is imperative that efforts to foster greater enthusiasm should be made. Awards of Honour conducted along the lines of the American Film Industry should be offered among Indian producers by responsible interests for the best efforts of creation in Indian films. Indian films must foster a 100% spirit of competition among themselves in the urge towards self-progress. Before talking of competing with the foreign film world, India, I feel, must first of all concentrate on competing within herself—eliminating—adding—improving—thereby coming to a sensible and reasonable ground of competition with the film interests of other nations. I believe it would be of interest to India and her film industry to follow the example of Australia in the offering of a substantial prize among Indians in the Indian Film Industry, for the best local production that would be a tribute to India and her ideals.

Just as the heart is to the human body, so is the scenario to the motion-picture industry. It is the most vital element in the making of successful pictures. A nationwide contest could be proclaimed and sponsored by representative Indian bodies for the best scenario that would in turn make a production worthy of the country. A number of judges of literary and screen note could be selected to pass opinion upon the subscribed efforts. The prize-winning story could be made into one of India's special screen productions. Such a project would, I believe, create widespread enthusiasm and interest that would be of much benefit to India and her film interests.

Annual Rolls of Honour, after a voting ballot of critics, could also be published in leading Indian journals naming the pick

of India's best film-directors, writers, and artistes, with their respective and distinguished efforts.

Stir up the spirit of competition and enthusiasm in India's infant industry! Let the creative urge in every screen-trained Indian seek the highest expression, and then watch results!

The Illustrated Weekly of India.

CAN WOMEN WORK FOR PINMONEY?

The statement of Mr. J. H. Thomas, in a speech, that it was against the nation's interest for women to work for pinmoney and deprive others of their legitimate employment, has provoked spirited protests from leading feminists.

Miss Florence Underwood, Secretary of Women's Freedom League described the statement as "simply scandalous."

Miss Dorothy Evans, Secretary to the Association of Women Clerks, said "Most of our girls who marry would prefer to live at home if their husbands could afford to keep them."

Viscountess Rhondda, who is the Director of thirty companies, said that Mr. Thomas showed his ignorance of economics and declared that very few women were engaged on pinmoney basis and most of them worked because they needed money.

—*The Madras Mail*

SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

Newly married couples, as well as prospective brides and bridegrooms, have been invited to visit a new home-making centre in New York, where an effort is being made by the State Federation of Women's Clubs to teach the art of economical money-spending and the furnishing of a home.

Mrs. Charles J. Reeder, president of the federation, says that she believes most marriages, that fail, could be blamed upon the unpleasant moments that have followed the overspending of a poorly-conceived budget.

Special instructors have been engaged to teach these all-important subjects, and the education is given free. Housewives will be taught to discriminate between necessities and luxuries and the art of buying for value, while prospective housewives will be taught how to make their homes centres of national comfort, culture, and efficiency.

—*The Leader.*

WOMEN'S CAPACITY FOR WORK.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S VIEW.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, speaking in London, explained

why in his view women so often succeeded, when they invaded realms hitherto regarded as sacred to men.

Men, he said, were not really hard-working. The reason why they loved to get into politics, on to managements and to run boards was because they were extraordinarily fond of gossip, the kind of gossip that went on and on and on. In order to keep this up, it was necessary to keep women out of newspaper offices, out of Parliament and away from public bodies. They knew women would want to get things done and men were saved this trouble by talking and talking and talking.

He had served on a public body and knew the natural view of man was that the world was the place for him to exercise his imagination and his faculties, and women should remain at home, bear children and bring fresh men into the world

Men became blinded by that tradition ; the fact of the matter was that while they were sitting gossiping they thought they were really doing work.

—*The Englishman.*

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

While the Jubilee Congress of the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, which was held in Berlin last June, is still in our minds, it is interesting to recall the fact that New Zealand was the first country in the world to give women the franchise, and that this was done in 1893, eleven years before the International Alliance was formed. The movement had its origin in the very early days of the Colony, for in 1843 Mr. Alfred Saunders and Sir William Fox advocated Woman Suffrage. The first serious worker for the movement, however was Mrs. Mary Muller, who landed in the Colony in 1850. Her husband being a magistrate, she had many an opportunity to impart her views to the leading politicians of the day, who were generally shocked at the impropriety of such ideas. Her husband also disapproving, she was unable to work publicly for her sex's rights, but fortunately a cousin of hers owned a newspaper and placed its columns at her service. In this way she made her ideas familiar to the public. Then, feeling that the time was not yet ripe for the franchise, she turned her energies to the support of the Married Women's Property Protection Act, which was passed in 1880. Advancing years soon afterwards compelled Mrs. Muller's retirement from public, but her work was too well planted to die out. During the next seven years Women's Franchise was discussed in Parliament whenever electoral measures were before the House. Then the women's Christian Temperance Union of New Zealand took up the work. Many rebuffs were met

with, and this is no place to set forth at length the details of a struggle that lasted six years. Victory came in 1893.

As New Zealand had the honour of being the first country in the world to give women the franchise, it was naturally assumed women would forthwith play a prominent part in politics, that they would be the first to have women in Parliament and so on, whereas none have yet been elected to the House. Instead, they have preferred to go to work in their own quiet way. Their interest lies in making life more wholesome; in helping the poor and in preventing poverty; in caring for the sick and in raising the national standard of health, in trying to give working girls a chance to develop mentally, morally, and physically; in short, in extending to the state those services which we had previously been compelled to confine to the home. The national loaf needs the quiet working of the yeast as well as the showy kneading of the baker. Where legislation is needed, we approach Parliament through the National Council of Women, and meet with unfailing courtesy and help. Men for the most part are interested in the Nation's Wealth and therefore in its working hours: women are chiefly concerned with the character and health of the people, and therefore with their leisure hours. During the last century man has established a proud record in the fields of commerce, industry and science; may we women make as brave a showing during the coming century in our sphere.

Stri-Dharma.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1. Mrs. Alwar Chetti, Madras
2. Rev. Canon Anantam, Bangalore
3. The Director, Adyar Library, Madras
4. Mrs. J. N. Arumugam, Ceylon
5. Mrs. Bhima Rao, Madras
6. Capt Basu, Patna
7. G. M. Chiplunker Esq., Poona
8. Mrs. Devanesan, Madras
9. Mrs. Eapen, Bezwada
10. Mrs. Ekambaram, Madras
11. V. R. Halasyanadhan Esq., Yerwada
12. The Indian Student's Hostel, London
13. Mrs. A. O. Jacob, Trivandrum
14. N. Jordan Esq., Almora Rs. 11/-
15. The Jagirdar of Yelandur, Bangalore
16. Mrs. H. Krishnamurthi, Vizagapatam

17. Miss. M. Kamalavalli, Madura
18. D. Krishnayya Esq. Tinnevelly
19. K. K. Kuppuswamy Iyengar Esq , Tanjore
20. Mrs. D. Kretzer, Ceylon.
21. Mrs. Krishnaswamy Chetti, Madras.
22. Rev Francis Kingsbury, Ceylon
23. Mrs. G. L. Lobo, Madras
24. Mrs. R. Lakshmanaswamy, Madras
25. Mrs. Madhava Menon, Kallai
26. Mrs. E. P. Menon. Delhi
27. Miss S. Mukerji, Dehra Dun
28. Mrs. S. L. Mehta, Shillong
29. Mrs. Mozumdar, Arrah
30. Mrs. Ogilvie, Aurangabad
31. The Misses Owen, U. S. A.
32. A. J. Pandian Esq, Tanjore
33. P. Parthasarathy Naidu Esq, Masulipatam
34. Lakshmana Perumal Esq, Tinnevelly
35. Miss Perril, Pithoragarh
36. Mrs. C. B. F. Perera, Ceylon
37. Mrs. Quinn, Anakapalle
38. Dr. Ratnavelu, Ceylon
39. Mrs. Rudra, Allahabad
40. Mrs. P. Ramachandrayya, Masulipatam
41. Mrs S. V. Ramamurthi, Madras
42. Lady Ramabai Nilkanther, Ahmedabad
43. A. Ramaswamy Das Esq, Tenkasi
44. Miss Stephen, Madras
45. L. Taylor Esq, Ambasamudram
46. Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari, Madras
47. Mrs. K. S. Thimayah, Coorg
48. Mrs. Vasudeva Rao, Madras
49. Miss K. White, Mysore
50. Miss Williams, Ceylon
51. The Zamindar of Idayakottai.

Printed by Mr. **C. Krishnan B, A., B. L.**, at the Empire Press, Bank Road, Calicut and Published by MRS. **K Sathiandhan, M. A.**, Cannanore.

JOIN THE JOIN

East & West Correspondence & Exchange Club

Members Everywhere, in the East and the West.

It is the most up to-date Club in the East

Membership fees:—

Ordinary:—	Special:—	Permanent:—
Rs. 3, Sh. 4-6.	Rs. 4, Sh. 6.	Rs. 30, Sh. 45.

The Membership includes Card, Badge, Name and Address in the Members-list, and *an advertisement free in every issue of*

The East & West Journal

The widely circulated official organ of the club.

VERY LOW ADVERTISING RATES:—(Size of journal 9in. by 11 in.)

Full page Rs. 25, Half page Rs. 15, ¼ page Rs 8-0 one inch Re. 1

Representatives wanted Everywhere Particulars free from the Director:—H. L. SAXENA, 6, PARADE,

CAWNPORE, (India)

RESIDENTAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A new boarding department has recently been opened in connection with the Goodwill Girl's High School, Bangalore—a recognised high school working under the Madras Educational Code. The new home, which at present has accomodation for about 20 girls in a comfortably furnished bungalow in the school compound, is under the direct management of the English Principals of the school. Suitable food arrangements can be made for both Christian and Hindu Girls.

The school is situated in a very open healthy part of Bangalore and has ample space for tennis, badminton and other games and for gardening

Prospectuses will be sent to anyone interested.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Their Excellencies Sir George and Lady Beatrix Stanley.
2. In the Valley of the river Bhavani at Ooty.
3. Lady Vidyabahen Ramanbhai, B. A.
4. Mrs. Saraswathi Nagabhushanam.
5. Y. W. C. A. Anandagiri, Ootacamund.
6. Y. W. C. A. Naigon Play Centre, Bombay.
7. How to Keep Cool.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES
SIR GEORGE AND LADY BEATRIX STANLEY.